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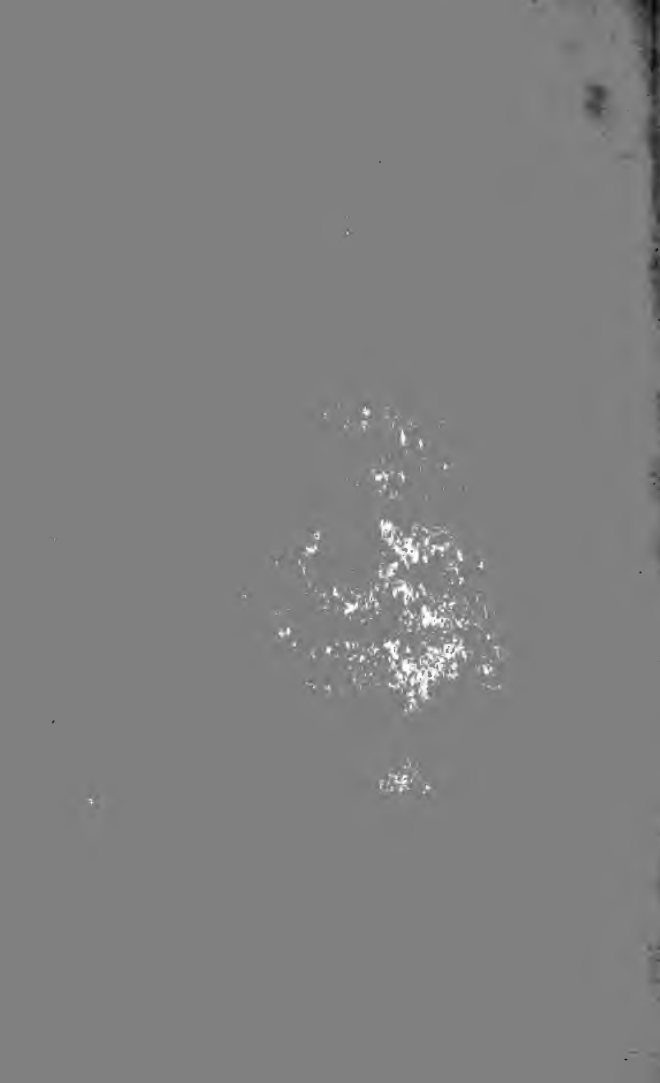
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ADELINE MOWBRAY,
OR THE
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER :
A Tale,
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. OPIE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW ;
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1805.

R. TAYLOR and Co. Printers,
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ADELINE MOWBRAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE village in which Adeline resided happened to be the native place of Mary Warner, the servant whom she had been forced to dismiss at Richmond; and who having gone from Mrs. Pemberton to another situation, which she had also quitted, came to visit her friends.

The wish of saying lessening things of those of whom one hears extravagant commendations, is, I fear, common to almost every one, even where the object praised comes in no competition with oneself:—

and when Mary Warner heard from every quarter of the grace and elegance, affability and active benevolence of the new comer, it was no doubt infinitely gratifying to her to be able to exclaim,—
 “Mowbray! did you say her name is? La! I dares to say it is my old mistress, who was kept by one Mr. Glenmurray!”
 But so greatly were her auditors prepossessed in favour of Adeline, that very few of them could be prevailed upon to believe Mary’s supposition was just; and so much was she piqued at the disbelief which she met with, that she declared she would go to church the next Sunday to shame the hussey, and go up and speak to her in the church-yard before all the people.

“Ah! do so, if you ever saw our miss Mowbray before,” was the answer: and Mary eagerly looked forward to the approaching

proaching Sunday. Mean while, as we are all of us but too apt to repeat stories to the prejudice of others, even though we do not believe them, this strange assertion of Mary was circulated through the village even by Adeline's admirers; and the next Sunday was expected by the unconscious Adeline alone with no unusual eagerness.

Sunday came; and Adeline, as she was wont to do, attended the service; but, from the situation of her pew, she could neither see Mary nor be seen by her till church was over. Adeline then, as usual, was walking down the broad walk of the church-yard, surrounded by the parents of the children who came to her school, and receiving from them the customary marks of respect, when Mary, bustling through the crowd, accosted her with,—“ So!—your sarvant, miss Mowbray, I am glad to see you here in such a respectable situation.”

Adeline, though in the gaily-dressed lady who accosted her she had some difficulty in recognising her quondam servant, recollected the pert shrill voice and insolent manner of Mary immediately; and involuntarily starting when she addressed her, from painful associations and fear of impending evil, she replied, "How are you, Mary?" in a faltering tone.

"Then it is Mary's miss Mowbray," whispered Mary's auditors of the day before to each other; while Mary, proud of her success, looked triumphantly at them, and was resolved to pursue the advantage which she had gained.

"So you have lost Mr. Glenmurray, I find!" continued Mary.

Adeline spoke not, but walked hastily on:—but Mary kept pace with her, speaking as loud as she could.

"And did the little one live, pray?"

Still Adeline spoke not.

"What

“What sort of a getting-up had you, miss Mowbray?”

At this mischievously-intended question Adeline's other sensations were lost in strong indignation; and resuming all the modest but collected dignity of her manner, she turned round, and, fixing her eyes steadily on the insulting girl, exclaimed aloud, “Woman, I never injured you either in thought, word or deed:—whence comes it, then, that you endeavour to make the finger of scorn point at me, and make me shrink with shame and confusion from the eye of observation?”

“Woman! indeed!” replied Mary—but she was not allowed to proceed; for a gentleman hastily stepped forward, crying, “It is impossible for us to suffer such insults to be offered to miss Mowbray;—I desire, therefore, that you will take your daughter away (turning to Mary's father)

father); and, if possible, teach her better manners." Having said this, he overtook the agitated Adeline; and, offering her his arm, saw her home to her lodgings: while those who had heard with surprise and suspicion the strange and impertinent questions and insolent tone of Mary, resumed in a degree their confidence in Adeline, and turned a disgusted and deaf ear to the hysterical vehemence with which the half-sobbing Mary defended herself, and vilified Adeline, as her father and brother-in-law, almost by force, led her out of the church-yard.

The gentleman who had so kindly stepped forward to the assistance of Adeline was Mr. Beauclerc, the surgeon of the village, a man of considerable abilities and liberal principles; and when he bade Adeline farewell, he said, "My wife will do herself the pleasure of calling on you
this

this evening :” then, kindly pressing her hand, he with a respectful bow took his leave.

Luckily for Adeline, Berrendale was detained in town that day ; and she was spared the mortification of showing herself to him, writhing as she then was under the agonies of public shame, for such it seemed to her. Convinced as she then was of the light in which she must have appeared to the persons around her from the malicious interrogatories of Mary ;—convinced too, as she was more than beginning to be, of the fallacy of the reasoning which had led her to deserve, and even to glory in, the situation which she now blushed to hear disclosed ;—and conscious as she was, that to remain in the village, and expect to retain her school, was now impossible—she gave herself up to a burst of sorrow and despondence ; during which her only consolation

solation was, that it was not witnessed by Berrendale.

It never for a moment entered into the ingenuous mind of Adeline, that her declaration would have more weight than that of Mary Warner; and that she might, with almost a certainty of being believed, deny her charge entirely: on the contrary, she had no doubt but that Mrs. Beauclerc was coming to inquire into the grounds for Mary's gross address; and she was resolved to confess to her all the circumstances of her story.

After church in the afternoon Mrs. Beauclerc arrived, and Adeline observed, with pleasure, that her manner was even kinder than usual; it was such as to ensure the innocent of the most strenuous support, and to invite the guilty to confidence and penitence.

“Never, my dear miss Mowbray,” said Mrs. Beauclerc, “did I call on you
with

with more readiness than now ; as I come assured that you will give me not only the most ample authority to contradict, but the fullest means to confute, the vile calumnies which that malicious girl, Mary Warner, has, ever since she entered the village, been propagating against you : but, indeed, she is so little respected in her rank of life, and you so highly in yours, that your mere denial of the truth of her statement will, to every candid mind, be sufficient to clear your character."

Adeline never before was so strongly tempted to violate the truth ; and there was a friendly earnestness in Mrs. Beauclerc's manner, which proved that it would be almost cruel to destroy the opinion which she entertained of her virtue. For a moment Adeline felt disposed to yield to the temptation, but it was only for a moment,—and in a hurried

ried and broken voice she replied, "Mary Warner has asserted of me nothing but ——" Here her voice faltered.

"Nothing but falsehoods, no doubt," interrupted Mrs. Beauclerc triumphantly, —"I thought so."

"Nothing but the TRUTH!" resumed Adeline.

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Beauclerc, dropping the cold hand which she held: and Adeline, covering her face, and throwing herself back in the chair, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Beauclerc was herself for some time unable to speak; but at length she faintly said—"So sensible, so pious, so well-informed, and so pure-minded as you seem!—to what strange arts, what wicked seductions, did you fall a victim?"

"To no arts—to no seductions"—replied Adeline, recovering all her energy at this insinuation against Glenmurray.

"My

“ My fall from virtue, as you would call it, was, I may say, from love of what I thought virtue; and if there be any blame, it attaches merely to my confidence in my lover’s wisdom and my own too obstinate self-conceit. But you, dear madam, deserve to hear my whole story; and, if you can favour me with an hour’s attention, I hope, at least, to convince you that I was worthy of a better fate than to be publicly disgraced by a malicious and ignorant girl.”

Mrs. Beauclerc promised the most patient attention; and Adeline related the eventful history of her life, slightly dwelling on those parts of it which in any degree reflected on her mother, and extolling most highly her sense, her accomplishments, and her maternal tenderness. When she came to the period of Glenmurray’s illness and death, she broke abruptly off, and rushed into her
own

own chamber; and it was some minutes before she could return to Mrs. Beauclerc, or before her visitor could wish her to return, as she was herself agitated and affected by the relation which she had heard:—and when Adeline came in she threw her arms round her neck, and pressed her to her heart with a feeling of affection that spoke consolation to the wounded spirit of the mourner.

She then resumed her narration;—and, having concluded it, Mrs. Beauclerc, seizing her hand, exclaimed, “For God’s sake, marry Mr. Berrendale immediately; and abjure for ever, at the foot of the altar, those errors in opinion to which all your misery has been owing!”

“Would I could atone for them some other way!” she replied.

“Impossible! and if you have any regard for me you will become the wife of your generous lover; for then, and
not

not till then, can I venture to associate with you."

"I thought so," cried Adeline; "I thought all idea of remaining here, with any chance of keeping my scholars, was now impossible."

"It would not be so," replied Mrs. Beauclerc, "if every one thought like me: I should consider your example as a warning to all young people; and to preserve my children from evil I should only wish them to hear your story, as it inculcates most powerfully how vain are personal graces, talents, sweetness of temper, and even active benevolence, to ensure respectability and confer happiness, without a strict regard to the long-established rules for conduct, and a continuance in those paths of virtue and decorum which the wisdom of ages has pointed out to the steps of every one.—But others will, no doubt, consider, that continuing to patronise
you,

you, would be patronizing vice ; and my rank in life is not high enough to enable me to countenance you with any chance of leading others to follow my example ; while I should not be able to serve you, but should infallibly lose myself. But some time hence, as the wife of Mr. Berrendale, I might receive you as your merits deserve : till then—" here Mrs. Beauclerc paused, and she hesitated to add, " we meet no more."

Indeed it was long before the parting took place Mrs. Beauclerc had justly appreciated the merits of Adeline, and thought she had found in her a friend and companion for years to come : besides, her children were most fondly attached to her ; and Mrs. Beauclerc, while she contemplated their daily improvement under her care, felt grateful to Adeline for the unfolding excellencies of her daughters. Still, to part with her was unavoidable ;

avoidable ; but the pang of separation was in a degree soothed to Adeline by the certainty which Mrs. Beauclerc's sorrow gave her, that, spite of her errors, she had inspired a real friendship in the bosom of a truly virtuous and respectable woman ; and this idea gave a sensation of joy to her heart to which it had long been a stranger.

The next morning some of the parents, whom Mary's tale had not yet reached, sent their children as usual. But Adeline refused to enter upon any school duties, bidding them affectionately farewell, and telling them that she was going to write to their parents, as she was obliged to leave her present situation, and, declining keeping school, meant to reside, she believed, in London.

The children on hearing this looked at each other with almost tearful consternation ; and Adeline observed, with
 4 pleasure,

pleasure, the interest which she had made to herself in their young hearts. After they were gone she sent a circular letter to her friends in the village, importing that she was under the necessity of leaving her present residence; but that, whatever her future situation might be, she should always remember, with gratitude, the favours which she had received at ———.

The necessity that drove her away was, by this time, very well understood by every one; but Mrs. Beauclerc took care to tell those who mentioned the subject to her, the heads of Adeline's story; and to add always, "and I have reason to believe that, as soon as she is settled in town, she will be extremely well married."

To the mulatto the change in Adeline's plans was particularly pleasing, as it would bring her nearer her son, and nearer

William,

William, from whom nothing but a sense of grateful duty to Adeline would so long have divided her. But Savanna imagined that Adeline's removal was owing to her having at last determined to marry Mr. Berrendale ; an event which she, for Adeline's sake, earnestly wished to take place, though for her own she was undecided whether to desire it or not, as Mr. Berrendale might not, perhaps, be as contented with her services as Adeline was.

While these thoughts were passing in Savanna's mind, and her warm and varying feelings were expressed by alternate smiles and tears, Mr. Berrendale arrived from town : and as Savanna opened the door to him, she, half whimpering half smiling, dropped him a very respectful curtsy, and looked at him with eyes full of unusual significance.

“Well, Savanna, what has happened?—

Any thing new or extraordinary since my absence ?” said Berrendale.

“ Me tink not of wat have appen, but wat will appen,” replied Savanna.

“ And what is going to happen ?” returned Berrendale, seating himself in the parlour, “ and where is your mistress ?”

“ She dress herself, that dear missess,” replied Savanna, lingering with the door in her hand, “ and I,—I ope to ave a dear massa too.”

“ What !” cried Berrendale, starting wildly from his seat, “ what did you say ?”

“ Why, me ope my missess be married soon.”

“ Married ! to whom ?” cried Berrendale, seizing her hand, and almost breathless with alarm.

“ Why, to you, sure,” exclaimed Savanna, “ and den me hope you will not turn away poor Savanna !”

“ What

“What reason you have, my dear Savanna, for talking thus, I cannot tell; nor dare I give way to the sweet hopes which you excite: but, if it be true that I may hope, depend on it you shall cook my wedding dinner, and then I am sure it will be a good one.”

“Can full joy eat?” asked the mulatto thoughtfully.

“A good dinner is a good thing, Savanna,” replied Berrendale, “and ought never to be slighted.”

“Me good dinner day I marry, but I not eat it.—O sir, pity people look best in dere wedding clothes, but my William look well all day and every day, and perhaps you will too, sir; and den I ope to cook your wedding dinner, next day dinner, and all your dinners.”

“And so you shall, Savanna,” cried Berrendale, grasping her hand, “and

I—" Here the door opened, and Adeline appeared; who, surprised at Berrendale's familiarity with her servant, looked gravely, and stopped at the door with a look of cold surprise. Berrendale, awed into immediate respect—for what is so timid and respectful as a man truly in love?—bowed low, and lost in an instant all the hopes which had elevated his spirits to such an unusual degree.

Adeline with an air of pique observed, that she feared she interrupted them unpleasantly, as something unusually agreeable and enlivening seemed to occupy them as she came in, over which her entrance seemed to have cast a cloud.

The mulatto had by this time retreated to the door, and was on the point of closing it, when Berrendale stammered out, as well as he could, "Savanna was, indeed, raising my hopes to
such

such an unexpected height, that I felt almost bewildered with joy ; but the coldness of your manner, miss Mowbray, has sobered me again."

" And what did Savanna say to you ?" cried Adeline.

" I—I say," cried Savanna returning, " dat is, he say, I should be let cook de wedding dinner."

Adeline, turning even paler than she was before, desired her coldly to leave the room ; and, seating herself at the greatest possible distance from Berrendale, leaned for some time in silence on her hand—he not daring to interrupt her meditations. But at last she said, " What could give rise to this singular conversation between you and Savanna I am wholly at a loss to imagine : still I—I must own that it is not so ill-timed as it would have been some weeks ago. I will own, that since yesterday I have
been

been considering your generous proposals with the serious attention which they deserve."

On hearing this, which Adeline uttered with considerable effort, Berrendale in a moment was at her side, and almost at her feet.

"I—I wish you to return to your seat," said Adeline coldly: but hope had emboldened him, and he chose to stay where he was.

"But, before I require you to renew your promises, or make any on my side, it is proper that I should tell you what passed yesterday; and if the additional load of obloquy which I have acquired does not frighten you from continuing your addresses—" Here Adeline paused:—and Berrendale, rather drawing back, then pushing his chair nearer her as he spoke, gravely answered, that his affection was proof against all trials.

Adeline

Adeline then briefly related the scene in the church-yard, and her conversation with Mrs. Beauclerc, and concluded thus:—"In consequence of this, and of the recollection of HIS advice, and HIS decided opinion, that by becoming the wife of a respectable man, I could alone expect to recover my rank in society, and, consequently, my usefulness, I offer you my hand; and promise, in the course of a few months, to become yours in the sight of God and man."

"And from no other reason?—from no preference, no regard for me?" demanded Berrendale reproachfully.

"Oh! pardon me; from decided preference; there is not another being in the creation whom I could bear to call husband."

Berrendale, gratified and surprised, attempted to take her hand; but, withdrawing it, she continued thus:—"Still
I almost

I almost scruple to let you, unblasted as your prospects are, take to wife a beggar, blasted in reputation, broken in spirits, with a heart whose best affections lie buried in the grave, and which can offer you in return for your faithful tenderness nothing but cold respect and esteem ; one too who is not only despicable to others, but also self-condemned."

While Adeline said this, Berrendale, almost shuddering at the picture which she drew, paced the room in great agitation ; and even the gratification of his passion, used as he was to the indulgence of every wish, seemed, for a moment, a motive not sufficiently powerful to enable him to unite his fate to that of a woman so degraded as Adeline appeared to be ; and he would, perhaps, have hesitated to accept the hand she offered, had she not added, as a contrast to the picture which she had drawn—"But if, in spite

spite of all these unwelcome considerations, you persist in your resolution of making me yours, and I have resolution enough to conquer the repugnance that I feel to make a second connection, you may depend on possessing in me one who will study your happiness and wishes in the minutest particulars;—one who will cherish you in sickness and in sorrow;—(here a twinge of the gout assisted Adeline's appeal very powerfully ;) and who, conscious of the generosity of your attachment, and her own unworthiness, will strive, by every possible effort, not to remain your debtor even in affection."

Saying this, she put out her hand to Berrendale; and that hand, and the arm belonging to it, were so beautiful, and he had so often envied Glenmurray while he saw them tenderly supporting his head, that while a vision of approaching gout, and Adeline bending over his restless couch,

couch, floated before him, all his prudent considerations vanished ; and, eagerly pressing the proffered hand to his lips, he thanked her most ardently for her kind promise ; and, putting his arm round her waist, would have pressed her to his bosom.

But the familiarity was ill-timed ;— Adeline was already surprised, and even shocked, at the lengths which she had gone ; and starting almost with loathing from his embrace, she told him it grew late, and it was time for him to go to his lodgings. She then retired to her own room, and spent half the night at least in weeping over the remembrance of Glenmurray, and in loudly apostrophizing his departed spirit.

The next day Adeline, out of the money which she had earned, discharged her lodgings ; and having written a farewell note to Mrs. Beauclerc, begging to
 hear

hear of her now and then, she and the mulatto proceeded to town, with Berrendale, in search of apartments ; and having procured them, Adeline began to consider by what means, till she could resolve to marry Berrendale, she should help to maintain herself, and also contrive to increase their income if she became his wife.

The success which she had met with in instructing children, led her to believe that she might succeed in writing little hymns and tales for their benefit ; a method of getting money which she looked upon to be more rapid and more lucrative than working plain or fancy works : and, in a short time, a little volume was ready to be offered to a bookseller ;—nor was it offered in vain. Glenmurray's bookseller accepted it ; and the sum which he gave, though trifling, imparted a balsam to the wounded mind of Adeline : it seemed

seemed to open to her the path of independence ; and to give her, in spite of her past errors, the means of serving her fellow-creatures.

But month after month elapsed, and Glenmurray had been dead two years, yet still Adeline could not prevail on herself to fix a time for her marriage.

But next to the aversion she felt to marrying at all, was that she experienced at the idea of having no fortune to bestow on the disinterested Berrendale ; and so desirous was she of his acquiring some little property by his union with her, that she resolved to ask counsel's opinion on the possibility of her claiming a sum of money which Glenmurray had bequeathed her, but without, as Berrendale had assured her, the customary formalities.

The money was near 300*l.* ; but Berrendale had allowed it to go to Glenmurray's

murray's legal heir, because he was sure that the writing which bequeathed it would not hold good in law. Still Adeline was so unwilling to be under so many pecuniary obligations to a man whom she did not love, that she resolved to take advice on the subject, much against the will of Berrendale, who thought the money might as well be saved ; but as a chance for saving the fee he resolved to let Adeline go to the lawyer's chambers alone, thinking it likely that no fee would be accepted from so fine a woman. Accordingly, more alive to œconomy than to delicacy or decorum, Berrendale, when Adeline, desiring a coach to be called, summoned him to accompany her to the Temple, pleaded terror of an impending fit of the gout, and begged her to excuse his attendance ; and Adeline, unsuspecting of the real cause of his refusal, kindly
expressing

expressing her sorrow for the one he feigned, took the counsellor's address, and got into the coach, Berrendale taking care to tell her, as she got in, that the fare was but a shilling.

The gentleman, Mr. Langley, to whom Adeline was going, was celebrated for his abilities as a chamber counsellor, and no less remarkable for his gallantries : but Berrendale was not acquainted with this part of his history ; else he would not, even to save a lawyer's fee, have exposed his intended wife to a situation of such extreme impropriety ; and Adeline was too much a stranger to the rules of general society, to feel any great repugnance to go alone on an errand so interesting to her feelings.

The coach having stopped near the entrance of the court to which she was directed, Adeline, resolving to walk home, discharged the coach, and knocked at the door
of

of Mr. Langley's chambers. A very smart servant out of livery answered the knock; and Mr. Langley being at home, Adeline was introduced into his apartment.

Mr. Langley, though surprised at seeing a lady of a deportment so correct and of so dignified an appearance enter his room unattended, was inspired with so much respect at sight of Adeline, whose mourning habit added to the interest which her countenance never failed to excite, that he received her with bows down to the ground, and leading her to a chair, begged she would do him the honour to be seated, and impart her commands.

Adeline embarrassed, she scarcely knew why, at the novelty of her situation, drew the paper from her pocket, and presented it to him.

“Mr. Berrendale recommended me to you, sir,” said Adeline faintly.

“Berrendale, Berrendale, O, aye,—I remember—

remember—the cousin of Mr. Glenmurray: you know Mr. Glenmurray too, ma'am, I presume; pray how is he?"—Adeline, unprepared for this question, could not speak; and the voluble counsellor went on—"Oh!—I ask your pardon, madam, I see;—pray, might I presume so far, how long has that extraordinarily clever man been lost to the world?"

"More than two years, sir," replied Adeline faintly.

"You are,—may I presume so far,—you are his widow?"—Adeline bowed. There was a something in Mr. Langley's manner and look so like sir Patrick's, that she could not bear to let him know she was only Glenmurray's mistress.

"Gone more than two years, and you still in deep mourning!—Amiable susceptibility!—How unlike the wives of the present day! But I beg pardon.—Now to business." So saying, he perused the
paper

paper which Adeline had given him, in which Glenmurray simply stated, that he bequeathed to Adeline Mowbray the sum of 260*l.* in the 5 per cents, but it was signed by only one witness.

“What do you wish to know, madam?” asked the counsellor.

“Whether this will be valid, as it is not signed by two witnesses, sir?”

“Why,—really not,” replied Langley; “though the heir at law, if he have either equity or gallantry, could certainly not refuse to fulfil what evidently was the intention of the testator:—but then, it is very surprising to me that Mr. Glenmurray should have wished to leave any thing from the lady whom I have the honour to behold. Pray, madam,—if I may presume to ask,—Who is Adeline Mowbray?”

“I—I am Adeline Mowbray,” replied Adeline in great confusion.

“ You, madam ! Bless me, I presumed ;—and pray, madam,—if I may make so bold,—what was your relationship to that wonderfully clever man ?—his niece,—his cousin,—or—?”

“ I was no relation of his,” said Adeline still more confused ; and this confusion confirmed the suspicions which Langley entertained, and also brought to his recollection something which he had heard of Glenmurray’s having a very elegant and accomplished mistress.

“ Pardon me, dear madam,” said Mr. Langley, “ I perceive now my mistake ; and I now perceive why Mr. Glenmurray was so much the envy of those who had the honour of visiting at his house. ’Pon my soul,” taking her hand, which Adeline indignantly withdrew, “ I am grieved beyond words at being unable to give you a more favourable opinion.”

“ But you said, sir,” said Adeline,
“ that

“that the heir at law, if he had any equity, would certainly be guided by the evident intention of the testator.”

“I did, madam,” replied the lawyer, evidently piqued by the proud and cold air which Adeline assumed; — “but then,—excuse me,—the applicant would not stand much chance of being attended to, who is neither the *widow* nor *relation* of Mr. Glenmurray.”

“I understand you, sir,” replied Adeline, “and need trouble you no longer.”

“Trouble! my sweet girl!” returned Mr. Langley, “call it not trouble; I—” Here his gallant effusions were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a very showy woman, highly rouged, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion; and who in no very pleasant tone of voice exclaimed, — “I fear I interrupt you.”

“Oh! not in the least,” replied

Langley, blushing even more than Adeline, “my fair client was just going. Allow me, madam, to see you to the door,” continued he, attempting to take Adeline’s hand, and accompanying her to the bottom of the first flight of stairs.

“Charming fine woman upon my soul!” cried he, speaking through his shut teeth, and forcibly squeezing her fingers as he spoke; “and if you ever want advice I should be proud to see you here; at present I am particularly engaged, (with a significant smile;) but—” Here Adeline, too angry to speak, put the fee in his hand, which he insisted on returning, and, in the struggle, he forcibly kissed the ungloved hand which was held out, praising its beauty at the same time, and endeavouring to close her fingers on the money: but Adeline indignantly threw it on the ground, and rushed down the remaining staircase;

over-

over-hearing the lady, as she did so, exclaim, "Langley! is not that black mawkin gone yet? Come up this moment, you devil!" while Langley obsequiously replied, "Coming this moment, my angel!"

Adeline felt so disappointed, so ashamed, and so degraded, that she walked on some way without knowing whither she was going; and when she recollected herself, she found that she was wandering from court to court, and unable to find the avenue to the street down which the coach had come: while her very tall figure, heightened colour, and graceful carriage, made her an object of attention to every one whom she met.

At last she saw herself followed by two young men; and as she walked very fast to avoid them, she by accident turned into the very lane which she had been seeking: but her pursuers kept pace with her;

her ; and she over-heard one of them say to the other, “ A devilish fine girl ! moves well too,—I cannot help thinking that I have seen her before.”

“ And so do I.—O zounds ! by her height, it must be that sweet creature who lived at Richmond with that crazy fellow, Glenmurray.”

Here Adeline relaxed in her pace : the name of Glenmurray—that name which no one since his death had ventured to pronounce in her presence,—had, during the last half-hour, been pronounced several times ; and, unable to support herself from a variety of emotions, she stopped, and leaned for support against the wall.

“ How do you do, my fleet and sweet girl ?” said one of the gentlemen, patting her on the back as he spoke :—and Adeline, roused at the insult, looked at him proudly and angrily, and walked on.

“ What ! angry ! If I may be so bold,
(with

(with a sneering smile,) fair creature, may I ask where you live now?"

"No, sir," replied Adeline; "you are wholly unknown to me."

"But were you to tell me where you live, we might cease to be strangers; but, perhaps your favours are all bespoken.— Pray who is your friend now?"

"Oh! I have but few friends," cried Adeline mournfully.

"Few! the devil!" replied the young templar; "and how many would you have?" Here he put his arm round her waist: and his companion giving way to a loud fit of laughter, Adeline clearly understood what he meant by the term "friend;" and summoning up all her spirit, she called a coach which luckily was passing; and, turning round to her tormentor, with great dignity said, — "Though the situation, sir, in which I once was, may, in the eyes of the world
and

and in yours, authorise and excuse your present insulting address, yet, when I tell you that I am on the eve of marriage with a most respectable man, I trust that you will feel the impropriety of your conduct, and be convinced of the fruitlessness and impertinence of the questions which you have put to me."

"If this be the case, madam," cried the gentleman, "I beg your pardon, and shall take my leave, wishing you all possible happiness, and begging you to attribute my impertinence wholly to my ignorance." So saying, he bowed and left her, and Adeline was driven to her lodgings.

"Now," said Adeline, "the die is cast;—I have used the sacred name of wife to shield me from insult; and I am therefore pledged to assume it directly. Yes, HE was right—I find I must have a legal protector."

She

She found Berrendale rather alarmed at her long absence ; and, with a beating heart, she related her adventures to him : but when she said that Langley was not willing to take the fee, he exclaimed, “ Very genteel in him, indeed ! I suppose you took him at his word ? ”

“ Good Heavens ! ” replied Adeline, “ Do you think I would deign to owe such a man a pecuniary obligation ?—No, indeed ; I threw it with proud indignation on the floor.”

“ What madness ! ” returned Berrendale : “ you had much better have put it in your pocket.”

“ Mr. Berrendale, ” cried Adeline gravely, and with a look bordering on contempt, “ I trust that you are not in earnest : for if these are your sentiments,—if this is your delicacy, sir—”

“ Say no more, dearest of women, ” replied Berrendale pretending to laugh,
alarmed

alarmed at the seriousness with which she spoke : “ how could you for one moment suppose me in earnest ? Insolent coxcomb !—I wish I had been there.”

“ I wish you had,” said Adeline, “ for then no one would have dared to insult me :” and Berrendale, delighted at this observation, listened to the rest of her story with a spirit of indignant knight-errantry which he never experienced before ; and at the end of her narration he felt supremely happy ; for Adeline assured him that the next week she would make him her protector for life :—and this assurance opened his heart so much, that he vowed he would not condescend to claim of the heir at law the pitiful sum which he might think proper to withhold.

To be brief.—Adeline kept her word ; and resolutely struggling with her feelings, she became the next week the wife of Berrendale.

For

For the first six months the union promised well. Adeline was so assiduous to anticipate her husband's wishes, and contrived so many dainties for his table, which she cooked with her own hands, that Berrendale, declaring himself completely happy for the first time in his life, had not a thought or a wish beyond his own fire-side; while Adeline, happy because she conferred happiness, and proud of the name of wife, which she had before despised, began to hope that her days would glide on in humble tranquillity.

It was natural enough that Adeline should be desirous of imparting this change in her situation to Mrs. Pemberton, whose esteem she was eager to recover, and whose kind intentions towards her, at a moment when she was incapable of appreciating them, Savanna had, with great feeling, expatiated upon. She therefore
wrote

wrote to her according to the address which Mrs. Pemberton had left for her, and received a most friendly letter in return. In a short time Adeline had again an expectation of being a mother; and though she could not yet entertain for her husband more than cold esteem, she felt that as the father of her child he would insensibly become more dear to her.

But Berrendale awoke from his dream of bliss, on finding to what a large sum the bills for the half-year's house-keeping amounted. Nor was he surprised without reason. Adeline, more eager to gratify Berrendale's palate than considerate as to the means, had forgotten that she was no longer at the head of a liberal establishment like her mother's, and had bought for the supply of the table many expensive articles.

In

In consequence of this terrible discovery Berrendale remonstrated very seriously with Adeline; who meekly answered, "My dear friend, good dinners cannot be had without good ingredients, and good ingredients cannot be had without money."

"But, madam," cried Berrendale, knitting his brows, but not elevating his voice, for he was one of those soft-speaking beings who in the sweetest tones possible can say the most heart-wounding things, and give a mortal stab to your self-love in the same gentle manner in which they flatter it:—"there must have been great waste, great mismanagement here, or these expenses could not have been incurred."

"There may have been both," returned Adeline, "for I have not been used to œconomize, but I will try to learn;—but, I doubt, my dear Berrendale, you must endeavour to be contented with plainer food; for not all the œconomy in the world

world can make rich gravies and high sauces cheap things."

"Oh! care and skill can do much," said Berrendale;—"and I find a certain person deceived me very much when he said you were a good manager."

"He only said," replied Adeline sighing deeply, "that I was a good cook, and you yourself allow that: but I hope in time to please your appetite at less expense: as to myself, a little suffices me, and I care not how plain that food is."

"Still, I think I have seen you eat with a most excellent appetite," said Berrendale, with a very significant expression.

Adeline, shocked at the manner more than at the words, replied in a faltering voice, "As a proof of my being in health, no doubt you rejoiced in the sight."

"Certainly; but less robust health would suit our finances better."

Adeline

Adeline looked up, wishing, though not expecting, to see by his face that he was joking : but such serious displeasure appeared on it, that the sordid selfishness of his character was at once unveiled to her view ; and clasping her hands in agony, she exclaimed, “ Oh, Glenmurray ! ” and ran into her own room.

It was the first time that she had pronounced his name since the hour of his death, and now it was wrung from her by a sensation of acute anguish ; no wonder, then, that the feelings which followed completely overcame her, and that Berrendale had, undisputed and solitary possession of his supper.

But he, on his side, was deeply irritated. The “ Oh, Glenmurray ! ” was capable of being interpreted two ways :—either it showed how much she regretted Glenmurray, and preferred him to his successor in spite of the superior beauty

of his person, of which he was very vain; or it reproached Glenmurray for having recommended her to marry him. In either case it was an unpardonable fault; and this unhappy conversation laid the foundation of future discontent.

Adeline rose the next day dejected, pensive, and resolved that her appetite should never again, if possible, force a reproach from the lips of her husband. She therefore took care that whatever she provided for the table, besides the simplest fare, should be for Berrendale alone; and she flattered herself that he would be shamed into repentance of what he had observed, by seeing her scrupulous self-denial:—she even resolved, if he pressed her to partake of his dainties, that she would, to show that she forgave him, accept what he offered.

But Berrendale gave her no such opportunity of showing her generosity;—
busy

busy in the gratification of his own appetite, he never observed whether any other persons ate or not, except when by eating they curtailed his share of good things:—besides, to have an exclusive dish to himself was to him *tout simple*; he had been a pampered child; and, being no advocate for the equality of the sexes, he thought it only a matter of course that he should fare better than his wife.

Adeline, though more surprised and more shocked than ever, could not help laughing internally, at her not being able to put her projected generosity in practice; but her laughter and indignation soon yielding to contempt, she ate her simple meal in silence: and while her pampered husband sought to lose the fumes of indigestion in sleep, she blessed God that temperance, industry and health went hand in hand; and, retiring to her own room, sat down to write, in order to

increase, if possible, her means of living, and consequently her power of being generous to others.

But though Adeline resolved to forget, if possible, the petty conduct of Berrendale,—the mulatto, who, from the door's being open, had heard every word of conversation which had so disturbed Adeline, neither could nor would forget it; and though she did not vow eternal hatred to her master, she felt herself very capable of indulging it, and from that moment it was her resolution to thwart him.

Whenever he was present, she was always urging Adeline to eat some refreshments between meals, and drink wine or lemonade, and tempting her weak appetite with some pleasant but expensive sweetmeats. In vain did Adeline refuse them; sometimes they were bought, sometimes only threatened to be bought; and

and once when Adeline had accepted some, rather than mortify Savanna by a refusal, and Berrendale, by his accent and expression, showed how much he grudged the supposed expense,—the mulatto, snapping her fingers in his face, and looking at him with an expression of indignant contempt, exclaimed, “I buy dem, and pay for dem wid mine nown money; and my angel lady sall no be oblige to you!”

This was a declaration of war against Berrendale, which Adeline heard with anger and sorrow, and her husband with rage. In vain did Adeline promise that she would seriously reprove Savanna (who had disappeared) for her impertinence; Berrendale insisted on her being discharged immediately; and nothing but Adeline’s assurances that she, for slender wages, did more work than two other servants would do for enormous ones, could pacify his displeasure: but at length

he was appeased. And as Berrendale, from a principle of œconomy, resumed his old habit of dining out amongst his friends, getting good dinners by that means without paying for them, family expenses ceased to disturb the quiet of their marriage; and after she had been ten months a wife Adeline gave birth to a daughter.

That moment, the moment when she heard her infant's first cry, seemed to repay her for all she had suffered; every feeling was lost in the maternal one; and she almost fancied that she loved, fondly loved, the father of her child: but this idea vanished when she saw the languid pleasure, if pleasure it could be called, with which Berrendale congratulated her on her pain and danger being past, and received his child in his arms.

The mulatto was wild with joy: she almost stifled the babe with her kisses,

and talked even the next day of sending for the tawny boy to come and see his new mistress, and vow to her, as he had done to her mother, eternal fealty and allegiance.

But Adeline saw on Berrendale's countenance a mixed expression,—and he had mixed feelings. True, he rejoiced in Adeline's safety; but he said within himself, “Children are expensive things, and we may have a large family;” and, leaving the bed-side as soon as he could, he retired, to endeavour to lose in an afternoon's nap his unpleasant reflections.

“How different,” thought Adeline, “would have been HIS feelings and HIS expressions of them at such a time! Oh!—” but the name of Glenmurray died away on her lips; and hastily turning to gaze on her sleeping babe, she tried to forget the disappointed emotions of the wife in the gratified feelings of the mother.

Still

Still Adeline, who had been used to attentions, could not but feel the neglect of Berrendale. Even while she kept her room he passed only a few hours in her society, but dined out ; and when she was well enough to have accompanied him on his visits, she found that he never even wished her to go with him, though the friends whom he visited were married ; and he met, from his own confession, other ladies at their tables. She therefore began to suspect that Berrendale did not mean to introduce her as his wife ; nay, she doubted whether he avowed her to be such ; and at last she brought him to own that, ashamed of having married what the world must consider as a kept mistress, he resolved to keep her still in the retirement to which she was habituated.

This was a severe disappointment indeed to Adeline : she longed for the
society

society of the amiable and accomplished of her own sex ; and hoped that, as Mr. Berrendale's wife, that intercourse with her own sex might be restored to her which she had forfeited as the mistress of Glenmurray. Nor could she help reproaching Berrendale for the selfish ease and indifference with which he saw her deprived of those social enjoyments which he daily enjoyed himself, convinced as she was that he might, if he chose, have introduced her at least to his intimate friends.

But she pleaded and reasoned in vain. Contented with the access which he had to the tables of his friends, it was of little importance to him that his wife ate her humble meal alone. His habits of enjoyment had ever been solitary : the pampered school-boy, who had at school eaten his tart and cake by stealth in a corner,

corner, that he might not be asked to share them with another, had grown up with the same dispositions to manhood: and as his parents, though opulent, were vulgar in their manners and low in their origin, he had never been taught those graceful self-denials inculcated into the children of polished life, which, though taught from factitious and not real benevolence, have certainly a tendency, by long habit, to make that benevolence real which at first was only artificial.

Adeline had both sorts of kindness and affection, those untaught of the heart, and those of education;—she was polite from the situation into which the accident of birth had thrown her, and also from the generous impulse of her nature. To her, therefore, the uncultivated and unblushing *personnalité*, as the French call it, of Berrendale, was a source of

source of constant wonder and distress : and often, very often did she feel the utmost surprise at Berrendale's having appeared to Glenmurray a man likely to make her happy. Often did she wonder how the defects of Berrendale's character could have escaped his penetrating eyes.

Adeline forgot that the faults of her husband were such as could be known only by an intimate connection, and which cohabitation could alone call forth ;—faults, the existence of which such a man as Glenmurray, who never considered himself in any transaction whatever, could not suppose possible ;—and which, though they inflicted the most bitter pangs on Adeline, and gradually untwisted the slender thread which had begun to unite her heart with Berrendale's, were of so slight a fabric as almost to elude the touch, and of a nature to appear almost
too

too trivial to be mentioned in the narration of a biographer.

But though it has been long said that trifles make the sum of human things, inattention to trifles continues to be the vice of every one ; and many a conjugal union which has never been assailed by the battery of crime, has fallen a victim to the slowly undermining power of petty quarrels, trivial unkindnesses and thoughtless neglect ; — like the gallant officer, who, after escaping unhurt all the rage of battle by land and water, tempest on sea and earthquake on shore, returns perhaps to his native country, and perishes by the power of a slow fever.

But Adeline, who, amidst all the chimeras of her fancy and singularities of her opinions, had happily held fast her religion, began at this moment to entertain a belief that soothed in some measure the sorrows which it could not cure.

She

She fancied that all the sufferings she underwent were trials which she was doomed to undergo, as punishments for the crime she had committed in leaving her mother and living with Glenmurray; and as expiations also. She therefore welcomed her afflictions, and lifted up her meek eyes to heaven in every hour of her trials, with the look of tearful but grateful resignation.

Meanwhile her child, whom, after her mother, she called Editha, was nursed at her own bosom, and thrived even beyond her expectations. Even Berrendale beheld its growing beauty with delight, and the mulatto was wild in praise of it; while Adeline, wholly taken up all day in nursing and in working for it, and every evening in writing stories and hymns to publish, which would, she hoped, one day be useful to her own child as well as to the children of

of others, soon ceased to regret her seclusion from society; and by the time Editha was a year old she had learnt to bear with patience the disappointment she had experienced in Berrendale. Soon after she became a mother she again wrote to Mrs. Pemberton, as she longed to impart to her sympathizing bosom those feelings of parental delight which Berrendale could not understand, and the expression of which he witnessed with contemptuous and chilling gravity. To this letter she anticipated a most gratifying return; but month after month passed away, and no letter from Lisbon arrived. "No doubt my letter miscarried," said Adeline to Savanna, "and I will write again:" but she never had resolution to do so; for she felt that her prospects of conjugal happiness were obscured, and she shrunk equally from the task of expressing the comfort which she
did

did not feel, or unveiling to another the errors of her husband. The little regard, mean while, which she had endeavoured to return for Berrendale soon vanished, being unable to withstand a new violence offered to it.

Editha was seized with the hooping-cough : and as Adeline had sold her last little volume to advantage, Berrendale allowed her to take a lodging at a short distance from town, as change of air was good for the complaint. She did so, and remained there two months. At her return she had the mortification to find that her husband, during her absence, had intrigued with the servant of the house :— a circumstance of which she would probably have remained ignorant, but for the indiscreet affection of Savanna, who, in the first transports of her indignation on discovering the connection, had been unable to conceal from her mistress what
drove

drove her almost frantic with indignation.

But Adeline, though she felt disgust and aversion swallowing up the few remaining sparks of regard for Berrendale which she felt, had one great consolation under this new calamity.—Berrendale had not been the choice of her heart: “But, thank God! I never loved this man,” escaped her lips as she ran into her own room; and pressing her child to her bosom, she shed on its unconscious cheeks the tears which resentment and a deep sense of injury wrung from her.—“Oh! had I loved him,” she exclaimed, “this blow would have been mortal!”

She, however, found herself in one respect the better for Berrendale’s guilt. Conscious that the mulatto was aware of what had passed, and afraid lest she should have mentioned her discovery to Adeline, Berrendale endeavoured to make

amends for his infidelity by attention such as he had never shown her since the first weeks of his marriage; and had she not been aware of the motive, the change in his behaviour would have re-awakened her tenderness. However, it claimed at least complaisance and gentleness from her while it lasted: which was not long; for Berrendale, fancying from the apparent tranquillity of Adeline (the result of indifference, not ignorance) that she was not informed of his fault, and that the mulatto was too prudent to betray him, began to relapse into his old habits; and one day, forgetting his assumed liberality, he ventured, when alone with Savanna, who was airing one of Editha's caps, to expatiate on the needless extravagance of his wife in trimming her child's caps with lace.

This was enough to rouse the quick feelings of the mulatto, and she poured
forth

forth all her long concealed wrath in a torrent of broken English, but plain enough to be well understood.—“ You man !” she cried at last, “ you will kill her ; she pine at your no kindness ;—and if she die, mind me, man ! never you marry aden.—You marry, forsoot ! you marry a lady ! true bred lady like mine ! No, man !—You best get a cheap miss from de street and be content——”

As she said this, and in an accent so provoking that Berrendale was pale and speechless with rage, Adeline entered the room ; and Savanna, self-condemned already for what she had uttered, was terrified when Adeline, in a tone of voice unusually severe, said, “ Leave the room ; you have offended me past forgiveness.”

These words, in a great measure, softened the angry feelings of Berrendale, as they proved that Adeline resented the
insult

insult offered to him as deeply as he could wish ; and with some calmness he exclaimed, " Then I conclude, Mrs. Berrendale, that you will have no objection to discharge your mulatto directly."

This conclusion, though a very natural one, was both a shock and a surprise to Adeline ; nor could she at first reply.

" You are *silent*, madam," said Berrendale ; " what is your answer ? Yes, or No ?"

" Ye,—yes,—certainly," faltered out Adeline ; " she—she ought to go—I mean that she has used very improper language to you."

" And, therefore, a wife who resents as she ought to do, injuries offered to her husband, cannot hesitate for a moment to discharge her."

" True, very true in some measure," replied Adeline ; " but——"

" But what ?" demanded Berrendale.

“ O Berrendale, ! ” cried Adeline, bursting into an agony of frantic sorrow, “ if she leaves me what will become of me ! I shall lose the only person now in the world, perhaps, who loves me with sincere and faithful affection ! ”

Berrendale was wholly unprepared for an appeal like this ; and, speechless from surprise not unmixed with confusion, staggered into the next chair. He was conscious, indeed, that his fidelity to his wife had not been proof against a few weeks’ absence ; but then, being, like most men, not over delicate in his ideas on such subjects, as soon as Adeline returned he had given up the connection which he had formed, and therefore he thought she had not much reason to complain. In all other respects he was sure that he was an exemplary husband, and she had no just grounds for doubting his affection. He was sure that she had no

4

reason

reason to accuse him of unkindness ; and, unless she wished him to be always tied to her apron-string, he was certain he had never omitted to pay her all proper attention.

Alas ! he felt not the many wounds he had inflicted by

“ The word whose meaning kills ; yet, told,
The speaker wonders that you thought it cold : ”

and he had yet to learn, that in order to excite or testify affection, it is necessary to seem to derive exclusive enjoyment from the society of the object avowed to be beloved, and to seek its gratification in preference to one's own, even in the most trivial things. He knew not that opportunities of conferring large benefits, like bank bills for 1000*l.*, rarely come into use ; but little attentions, friendly participations and kindnesses, are wanted daily, and, like small change, are neces-

sary to carry on the business of life and happiness.

A minute, and more perhaps, elapsed, before Berrendale recovered himself sufficiently to speak; and the silence was made still more awful to Adeline, by her hearing from the adjoining room the sobs of the mulatto. At length, "I cannot find words to express my surprise at what you have just uttered," exclaimed Berrendale. "My conscience does not reproach me with deserving the reproof it contained."

"Indeed!" replied Adeline, fixing her penetrating eyes on his, which shrunk downcast and abashed from her gaze. Adeline saw her advantage, and pursued it. "Mr. Berrendale," continued she, "it is indeed true, that the mulatto has offended both of us; for in offending *you* she has offended *me*; but, have you committed no fault, nothing for *me* to forgive?"

forgive? I know that you are too great a lover of truth, too honourable a man, to declare that you have not deserved the just anger of your wife: but you know that I have never reproached you, nor should you ever have been aware that I was privy to, the distressing circumstance to which I allude, but for what has just passed: and, now, do but forgive the poor mulatto, who sinned only from regard for me, and from supposed slight offered to her mistress, and I will not only assure you of my forgiveness, but, from this moment, will strenuously endeavour to blot from my remembrance every trace of what has passed."

Berrendale, conscious and self-condemned, scarcely knew what to answer; but, thinking that it was better to accept Adeline's offer even on her own conditions, he said, that if Savanna would make a proper apology, and Adeline
would

would convince her that she was seriously displeased with her; he would allow her to stay; and Adeline having promised every thing which he asked, peace was again restored.

“But what can you mean, Adeline,” said Berrendale, “by doubting my affection? I think I gave a sufficient proof of that, when, disregarding the opinion of the world, I married you, though you had been the mistress of another: and I really think that, by accusing me of unkindness, you make me a very ungrateful return.” To this indelicate and unfeeling remark Adeline vainly endeavoured to reply; but, starting from her chair, she paced the room in violent agitation.—“Answer me,” continued Berrendale, “name one instance in which I have been unkind to you.” Adeline suddenly stopped, and, looking steadfastly at him, smiled with a sort of contemptuous pity, and
was

was on the point of saying, "Is not what you have now said an instance of unkindness?" But she saw that the same want of delicacy, and of that fine moral *tact* which led him to commit this and similar assaults on her feelings, made him unconscious of the violence which he offered.

Finding, therefore, that he could not understand her causes of complaint, even if it were possible for her to define them, she replied, "Well, perhaps I was too hasty, and in a degree unjust: so let us drop the subject; and, indeed, my dear Berrendale, you must bear with my weakness: remember, I have always been a spoiled child."

Here the image of Glenmurray and that of *home*, the home which she once knew, the home of her childhood, and of her *earliest* youth, pressed on her recollection. She thought of her mother, of the indulgences
which

which she had once known, of the advantages of opulence, the value of which she had never felt till deprived of them; and, struck with the comparative forlornness of her situation—united for life to a being whose sluggish sensibilities could not understand, and consequently not sooth, the quick feelings and jealous susceptibility of her nature—she could hardly forbear falling at the feet of her husband, and conjuring him to behave, at least, with forbearance to her, and to speak and look at her with kindness.

She did stretch out her hand to him with a look of mournful entreaty, which, though not understood by Berrendale, was not lost upon him entirely. He thought it was a confession of her weakness and his superiority; and, flattered by the thought into unusual softness, he caught her fondly to his bosom, and gave up an engagement to sup at an oyster club,

club, in order to spend the evening tête-à-tête with his wife. Nay, he allowed the little Editha to remain in the room for a whole hour, though she cried when he attempted to take her in his arms, and, observing that it was a cold evening, allowed Adeline her due share of the fire-side.

These circumstances, trivial as they were, had more than their due effect on Adeline, whose heart was more alive to kindness than unkindness; and those paltry attentions of which happy wives would not have been conscious, were to her a source of unfeigned pleasure — As sailors are grateful, after a voyage unexpectedly long, for the muddy water which at their first embarking they would have turned from with disgust.

That very night Adeline remonstrated with the mulatto on the impropriety of her conduct; and, having convinced her that in insulting her husband she failed
in

in respect to her, Savanna was prevailed upon the next morning to ask pardon of Berrendale ; and, out of love for her mistress, she took care in future to do nothing that required forgiveness.

As Adeline's way of life admitted of but little variety, Berrendale having persisted in not introducing her to his friends, on the plea of not being rich enough to receive company in return, I shall pass over in silence what occurred to her till Editha was two years old ; premising that a series of little injuries on the part of Berrendale, and a quick resentment of them on the part of Adeline, which not even her habitual good humour could prevent, had, during that time, nearly eradicated every trace of love for each other from their hearts.

One evening Adeline as usual, in the absence of her husband, undressed Editha by the parlour fire, and, playing with
the

the laughing child, was enjoying the rapturous praises which Savanna put forth of its growing beauty ; while the tawny boy, who had spent the day with them, built houses with cards on the table, which Editha threw down as soon as they were built, and he with good-humoured perseverance raised up again.

Adeline, alive only to the maternal feeling, at this moment had forgotten all her cares ; she saw nothing but the happy group around her, and her countenance wore the expression of recovered serenity.

At this moment a loud knock was heard at the door, and Adeline, starting up, exclaimed, “ It is my husband’s knock ! ”

“ O ! no :—he never come so soon,” replied the mulatto running to the door ; but she was mistaken — it was Berrendale : and Adeline, hearing his voice, began instantly to snatch up Editha’s clothes,
and

and to knock down the tawny boy's newly-raised edifice: but order was not restored when Berrendale entered; and, with a look and tone of impatience, he said, "So! fine confusion indeed! Here's a fire-side to come to! Pretty amusement too, for a literary lady—building houses of card! Shame on your extravagance, Mrs. Berrendale, to let that brat spoil cards in that way!"

The sunshine of Adeline's countenance on hearing this vanished: to be sure, she was accustomed to such speeches; but the moment before she had felt happy, for the first time, perhaps, for years. She, however, replied not: but, hurrying Editha to bed, ordering the reluctant tawny boy into the kitchen, and setting Berrendale's chair, as usual, in the warmest place, she ventured in a faint voice to ask, what had brought him home so early.

“More

“ More early than welcome,” replied Berrendale, “ if I may judge from the bustle I have occasioned.”

“ It is very true,” replied Adeline, “ that, had I expected you, I should have been better prepared for your reception ; and then you, perhaps, would have spoken more kindly to me.”

“ There—there you go again.—If I say but a word to you, then I am called unkind, though, God knows, I never speak without just provocation : and, I declare, I came home in the best humour possible, to tell you what may turn out of great benefit to us both :—but when a man has an uncomfortable home to come to, it is enough to put him out of humour.”

The mulatto, who was staying to gather up the cards which had fallen, turned herself round on hearing this, and exclaimed, “ Home was very comfortable till you come ;”

come ;” and then with a look of the most angry contempt she left the room, and threw the door to with great violence.

“ But what is this good news, my dear ?” said Adeline, eager to turn Berrendale’s attention from Savanna’s insolent reply.

“ I have received a letter,” he replied, “ which, by the by, I ought to have had some weeks ago, from my father-in-law in Jamaica, authorising me to draw on his banker for 500*l.*, and inviting me to come over to him ; as he feels himself declining, and wishes to give me the care of his estate, and of my son, to whom all his fortune will descend ; and of whose interest, he properly thinks, no one can be so likely to take good care as his own father.”

“ And do you mean that I and Editha should go with you ?” said Adeline turning pale.

“ No,

“No, to be sure not,” eagerly replied Berrendale; “I must first see how the land lies. But if I go—as the old man no doubt will make a handsome settlement on me—I shall be able to remit you a very respectable annuity.”

Adeline’s heart, spite of herself, bounded with joy at this discovery; but she had resolution to add—and if duplicity can ever be pardonable, this was,—“So then the good news which you had to impart to me was, that we were going to be separated!” But as she said this, the consciousness that she was artfully trying to impress Berrendale with an idea of her feeling a sorrow which was foreign to her heart, overcame her; and affected also at being under the necessity of rejoicing at the departure of that being who ought to be the source of her comfort, she vainly struggled to regain composure, and burst into an agony of tears.

But

But her consternation cannot be expressed, when she found that Berrendale imputed her tears to tender anguish at the idea of parting with him: and when, his vanity being delighted by this homage to his attractions, he felt all his fondness for her revive, and, overwhelming her with caresses, he declared that he would reject the offer entirely if by accepting it he should give her a moment's uneasiness; Adeline, shocked at his error, yet not daring to set him right, could only weep on his shoulder in silence: but, in order to make real the distress which he only fancied so, she enumerated to herself all the diseases incident to the climate, and the danger of the voyage. Still the idea of Berrendale's departure was so full of comfort to her, that, though her tears continued to flow, they flowed not for his approaching absence. At length, ashamed of fortifying him in so gross an error,

error, she made an effort to regain her calmness, and found words to assure him, that she would no longer give way to such unpardonable weakness, as she could assure him that she wished his acceptance of his father-in-law's offer, and had no desire to oppose a scheme so just and so profitable.

But Berréndale, to whose vanity she had never before offered such a tribute as her tears seemed to be, imputed these assurances to disinterested love and female delicacy, afraid to own the fondness which it felt; and the rest of the evening was spent in professions of love on his part, which, on Adeline's, called forth at least some grateful and kind expressions in return.

Still, however, she persisted in urging Berrendale to go to Jamaica: but, at the same time, she earnestly begged him to remember, that temperance could alone

preserve his health in such a climate :—
 “ or the use of pepper in great quantities,”
 replied he, “ to counteract the effects of
 good living ? ”—and Adeline, though con-
 vinced temperance was the *best* preserva-
 tive, was forced to give up the point,
 especially as Berrendale began to enume-
 rate the number of delicious things for
 the table which Jamaica afforded.

To be brief : Berrendale, after taking a
 most affectionate leave of his wife and
 child, a leave which almost made the
 mulatto his friend, and promising to allow
 them 200*l.* a year till he should be able
 to send over for them, set sail for Jamaica ;
 while Adeline, the night of his departure,
 endeavoured, by conjuring up all the hor-
 rors of a tempest at sea on his passage,
 and of a hurricane and an earthquake on
 shore when he arrived, to force herself
 to feel such sorrow as the tenderness
 which he had expressed at the moment of
 parting

parting seemed to make it her duty to feel.

But morning came, and with it a feeling of liberty and independence so delightful; that she no longer tried to grieve on speculation as it were; but giving up her whole soul to the joys of maternal fondness, she looked forward with pious gratitude to days of tranquil repose, save when she thought with bitter regret of the obdurate anger of her mother, and with tender regret of the lost and ever lamented Glenmurray.

Berrendale had been arrived at Jamaica some months, when Adeline observed a most alarming change in Savanna. She became thin, her appetite entirely failed, and she looked the image of despondence. In vain did Adeline ask the reason of a change so apparent: the only answer she could obtain was, "Me better soon;" and, continuing every day to give this

answer, she in a short time became so languid as to be obliged to lie down half the day.

Adeline then found that it was necessary to be more serious in her interrogatories; but the mulatto at first only answered, "No, me die, but me never break my duty vow to you: no, me die, but never leave you."

These words implying a wish to leave her, with a resolution not to do so how much soever it might cost her, alarmed in a moment the ever disinterested sensibility of Adeline; and she at length wrung from her a confession that her dear William, who was gone to Jamaica as servant to a gentleman, was, she was credibly informed, very ill and like to die.

"You therefore wish to go and nurse him, I suppose, Savanna?"

"Oh! me no wish; me only tink dat
me

me like to go to Jamaica, see if be true dat he be so bad ; and if he die I den return, and die wid you."

"Live with me, you mean, Savanna ; for, indeed, I cannot spare you. Remember, you have given me a right to claim your life as mine ; nor can I allow you to throw away my property in fruitless lamentations, and the indolent indulgence of regret. You shall go to Jamaica, Savanna : God forbid that I should keep a wife from her duty ! You shall see and try to recover William if he be really ill, (Savanna here threw herself on Adeline's neck,) "and then you shall return to me, who will either warmly share in your satisfaction or fondly sooth your distress."

"Den you do love poor Savanna ?"

"Love you ! Indeed I do, next to my child, and, and my mother," replied Adeline, her voice faltering.

"Name not dat woman," cried Savanna

vanna hastily ; “ me will never see, never speak to her even in heaven.”

“ Savannà, remember, she is my mother.”

“ Yes, and Mr. Berrendale be your husband ; and yet, who dat love you can love dem ?”

“ Savanna,” replied Adeline, “ these proofs of your regard, though reprehensible, are not likely to reconcile me to your departure ; and I already feel that in losing you —— ” here she paused, unable to proceed.

“ Den me no go—me no go :—yet, dearest lady, you have love yourself.”

“ Aye, Savanna, and can feel for you : so say no more. The only difficulty will be to raise money enough to pay for your passage, and expenses while there.”

“ Oh ! me once nurse the captain’s wife who now going to Jamaica, and she love me very much ; and he tell me yesterday

terday that he let me go for noting, because I am good nurse to his wife, if me wish to see William."

"Enough," replied Adeline: "then all I have to do is to provide you with money for your maintenance when you arrive; and I have no doubt but that what I cannot supply the tawny boy's generous patroness will."

Adeline was not mistaken. Savanna obtained from her son's benefactress a sum equal to her wants; and almost instantly restored to her wonted health, by her mind's being lightened of the load which oppressed it, she took her passage on board her friend's vessel, and set sail for Jamaica, carrying with her letters from Adeline to Berrendale; while Adeline felt the want of Savanna in various ways, so forcibly, that not even Editha could, for a time at least, console her for her loss. It had been so grateful

grateful to her feelings to meet every day the eyes of one being fixed with never-varying affection on hers, that, when she beheld those eyes no longer, she felt alone in the universe,—nor had she a single female friend to whom she could turn for relief or consolation.

Mrs. Beauclerc, to whose society she had expected to be restored by her marriage, had been forced to give up all intercourse with her, in compliance with the peremptory wishes of a rich old maid, from whom her children had great expectations, and who threatened to leave her fortune away from them, if Mrs. Beauclerc persisted in corresponding with a woman so bad in principle, and so wicked in practice, as Adeline appeared to her to be.

But, at length, from a mother's employments, from writing, and, above all, from the idea that by suffering she was making atonement for her past sins, she derived

derived consolation, and became resigned to every evil that had befallen, and to every evil that might still befall her.

Perhaps she did not consider as an evil what now took place : increasing coldness in the letters of Berrendale, till he said openly at last, that as they were, he was forced to confess, far from happy together, and as the air of Jamaica agreed with him, and as he was resolved to stay there, he thought she had better remain in England, and he would remit her as much money occasionally as his circumstances would admit of.

But she thought this a greater evil than it at first appeared ; when an agent of Berrendale's father-in-law in England, and a friend of Berrendale himself, called on her, pretending that he came to inquire concerning her health, and raised in her mind suspicions of a very painful nature.

After

After the usual compliments : — “ I find, madam,” said Mr. Drury, “ that our friend is very much admired by the ladies in Jamaica.”

“ I am glad to hear it, sir,” coolly answered Adeline.

“ Well, that’s kind and generous now,” replied Drury, “ and very disinterested.”

“ I see no virtue, sir, in my rejoicing at what must make Mr. Berrendale’s abode in Jamaica pleasant to him.”

“ May be so ; but most women, I believe, would be apt to be jealous on the occasion.”

“ But it has been the study of my life, sir, to endeavour to consider my own interest, when it comes in competition with another’s, as little as possible ;—I doubt I have not always succeeded in my endeavours : but, on this occasion I am certain that I have expressed no sentiment which I do not feel.”

“ Then,

“Then, madam, if my friend should have an opportunity, as indeed I believe he has, of forming a most agreeable and advantageous marriage, you would not try to prevent it?”

“Good heavens! sir,” replied Adeline; “What can you mean? Mr. Berrendale form an advantageous marriage when he is already married to me?”

“Married to you, ma’am!” answered Mr. Drury with a look of incredulity. “Excuse me, but I know that such marriages as yours may be easily dissolved.”

At first Adeline was startled at this assertion; but recollecting that it was impossible any form or ceremony should have been wanting at the marriage, she recovered herself, and demanded, with an air of severity, what Mr. Drury meant by so alarming and ill-founded a speech.”

“My meaning, ma’am,” replied he,
“must

“ must be pretty evident to you : I mean that I do not look upon you, though you bear Mr. Berrendale’s name, to be his lawful wife ; but that you live with him on the same terms on which you lived with Mr. Glenmurray.”

“ And on what, sir, could you build such an erroneous supposition ?”

“ On Mr. Berrendale’s own words, madam ; who always spoke of his connection with you, as of a connection which he had formed in compliance with love and in defiance of prudence.”

“ And is it possible that he could be such a villain ?” exclaimed Adeline. “ Oh my child ! and does thy father brand thee with the stain of illegitimacy ?—But, sir, whatever appellation Mr. Berrendale might choose to give his union with me to his friends in England, I am sure he will not dare to incur the penalty attendant on a man’s marrying one wife while he has another

another living ; for, that I am his wife, I can bring pretty sufficient evidence to prove."

" Indeed, madam ! You can produce a witness of the ceremony, then, I presume ?"

" No, sir ; the woman who attended me to the altar, and the clergyman who married us, are dead ; and the only witness is a child now only ten years old."

" That is unfortunate !" (with a look of incredulity) " but, no doubt, when you hear that Mr. Berrendale is married to a West Indian heiress, you will come forward with incontrovertible proofs of your prior claims ; and if you do that, madam, you may command my good offices :—but, till then, I humbly take my leave." Saying this, with a very visible sneer on his countenance he departed, leaving Adeline in a state of distress—the more painful to endure.

endure from her having none to participate in it,—no one to whom she could impart the cause of it.

That Mr. Drury did not speak of the possible marriage of Berrendale from mere conjecture, was very apparent ; and Adeline resolved not to delay writing to her husband immediately, to inform him of what had passed, and to put before his eyes, in the strongest possible manner, the guilt of what he was about to do ; and also the utter impossibility of its being successful guilt, as she was resolved to assert her claims for the sake of her child, if not for her own. This letter she concluded, and with truth too, with protestations of believing all Mr. Drury : said to be false : for, indeed, the more she considered Berrendale's character, the more she was convinced that, however selfish and defective his disposition

sition might be, it was more likely Mr. Drury should be mistaken, than Berrendale be a villain.

But, where a man's conduct is not founded on virtuous motives and immutable principles, he may not err while temptation is absent; but once expose him to her presence, and he is capable of falling into the very vices the most abhorrent to his nature: and though Adeline knew it not, such a man was Berrendale.

Adeline, having relieved her mind by this appeal to her husband, and being assured that Berrendale could not be married before her letter could reach him, as it was impossible that he should dare to marry while the mulatto was in the very town near which he resided, felt herself capable of attending to her usual employments again, and had recovered her tranquillity, when an answer to her letter arrived; and Adeline, being certain that
the

the letter itself would be a proof of the marriage, had resolved to show it, in justification of her claims, to Mr. Drury.

What then must have been her surprise, to find it exactly such a letter as would be evidence against a marriage between her and Berrendale having ever taken place! He thanked her for the expressions of fond regret which her letter contained, and for the many happy hours which he owed to her society; but hoped that, as Fate had now separated their destinies, she could be as happy without him as she had been with him; and assuring her that he should, according to his promise, regularly remit her 150*l.* a year if possible, but that he could at present only inclose a draft for 50*l.*

Adeline was absolutely stupefied with horror at reading this apparent confirmation of the villany of her husband and the father of her child; but roused to indignant

exertion by the sense of Berrendale's baseness, and of what she owed her daughter, she resolved to take counsel's opinion in what manner she should proceed to prove her marriage, as soon as she was assured that Berrendale's (which she had no doubt was fixed upon) should have taken place; and this intelligence she received a short time after from the mulatto herself, who, worn out with sorrow, sickness and hardship, one day tottered into the house, seeming as if she indeed only returned to die with her mistress.

At first the joy of seeing Savanna restored to her swallowed up every other feeling; but tender apprehension for the poor creature's health soon took possession of her mind, and Adeline drew from her a narrative, which exhibited Berrendale to her eyes as capable of most atrocious actions.

CHAPTER II.

It is very certain that when Berrendale left England, though he meant to conceal his marriage entirely, he had not even the slightest wish to contract another; and had any one told him that he was capable of such wicked conduct, he would have answered like Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But he was then unassailed by temptations:—and habituated as he was to selfish indulgence, it was impossible that to strong temptation he should not fall an immediate victim.

This strong temptation assailed him soon after his arrival, in the person of a very lovely and rich widow, a relation of his first wife, who, having no children of her own, had long been very fond of his child,

child, then a very fine boy, and with great readiness transferred to the father the affection which she bore the son. For some time conscience and Adeline stood their ground against this new mistress and her immense property ; but at length, being pressed by his father-in-law, who wished the match, to assign a sufficient reason for his coldness to so fine a woman, and not daring to give the true one, he returned the lady's fondness ; and though he had not yet courage enough to name the marriage day, it was known that it would some time or other take place.

But all his scruples soon yielded to the dominion which the attractions of the lady, who was well versed in the arts of seduction, obtained over his senses, and to the strong power which the sight of the splendor in which she lived, acquired over his avarice ; when, just as every thing was on the point of being concluded, the poor

mulatto, who had found her husband dead; arrived almost broken-hearted at the place of Berrendale's abode, and delivered to him letters from Adeline.

Terrified and confounded at her presence, he received her with such evident marks of guilty confusion in his face, that Savanna's apprehensive and suspicious attachment to her mistress took the alarm; and, as she had seen a very fine woman leave the room as she entered, she, on pretence of leaving Berrendale alone to read his letters, repaired to the servants' apartments, where she learnt the intended marriage. Immediately forgetting her own distresses in those of Adeline, she returned to Berrendale, not with the languid, mournful pace with which she had first entered, but with the firm, impetuous and intrepid step of conscious integrity going to confound vice in the moment of its triumph.

Berren

Berrendale read his doom, the moment he beheld her, in her dark and fiery eye, and awaited in trembling silence the torrent of reproaches that trembled on her lip. But I shall not repeat what passed. Suffice that Berrendale pretended to be moved by what she said, and promised to break off the marriage,—only exacting from Savanna, in return, a promise of not imparting to the servants, or to any one, that he had a wife in England.

In the mean while he commended her most affectionately to the care of the steward; and confessing to his intended bride that he had a mistress in England, who had sent the mulatto over to prevent the match if possible, by persuading her he was already married, he conjured her to consent to a private marriage; and to prevent some dreadful scene, occasioned by the revenge of disappointed passion, should his mistress, as she had threatened,
come

come over in person, he entreated her to let every splendid preparation for their nuptials be laid aside, in order to deceive Savanna, and induce her to return quietly to England.

The credulous woman, too much in love to believe what she did not wish, consented to all he proposed: but Berrendale, still fearful of the watchful jealousy of Savanna, contrived to find out the master to whom she belonged before she had escaped, early in life, with her first husband to England; and as she had never been made free, as soon as he arrived, he, on a summons from Berrendale, seized her as his property; and poor Savanna, in spite of her cries and struggles, was conveyed some miles up the country.

At length, however, she found means to escape to the coast; and, having discovered an old acquaintance in an English sailor on board a vessel then ready to sail,
and

and who had great influence with the captain, she was by him concealed on board, with the approbation of the commander, and was on her way to England before Berrendale was informed of her escape.

I will not endeavour to describe Adeline's feelings on hearing this narration, and on finding also that Savanna before she left the island had been assured that Berrendale was really married, though privately, but that the marriage could not long be attempted to be concealed, as the lady even before it took place was likely to become a mother; and, that as a large estate depended on her giving birth to a son, the event of her confinement was looked for with great anxiety.

Still, in the midst of her distress, a sudden thought struck Adeline, which converted her anger into joy, and her sorrow into exultation. "Yes, my mother may now forgive me without violating any
part

part of her oath," she exclaimed. — "I am now forsaken, despised and disgraced!" — and instantly she wrote to Mrs. Mowbray a letter, calculated to call forth all her sympathy and affection. Then, with a mind relieved beyond expression, she sat down to deliberate in what manner she should act to do herself justice as a wife and a mother, cruelly aggrieved in both these intimate relations. Nor could she persuade herself that she should act properly by her child, if she did not proceed vigorously to prove herself Berrendale's wife, and substantiate Editha's claim to his property; and as Mr. Langley was, she knew, a very great lawyer, she resolved, in spite of his improper conduct to her, to apply to him again.

Indeed she could not divest herself of a wish to let him know that she was become a wife, and no longer liable to be treated with that freedom with which,

as a mistress, he had thought himself at liberty to address her. However, she wished that she had not been obliged to go to him alone: but, as the mulatto was in too weak a state of health to allow of her going out, and she could not speak of business like hers before any one else, she was forced to proceed unaccompanied to the Temple; and on the evening of the day after Savanna's return, she, with a beating heart, repaired once more to Mr. Langley's chambers.

Luckily, however, she met the tawny boy on her way, and took him for her escort. "Tell your master," said she to the servant, "that Mrs. Berrendale wishes to speak to him:" and in a few minutes she was introduced.

"Mrs. Berrendale!" cried Langley with a sarcastic smile; "pray be seated, madam! I hope Mr. Berrendale is well,"

"He is in Jamaica, sir," replied Adeline.

"Indeed!"

“ Indeed ! ” returned Langley. “ May I presume so far as to ask,—hem, hem,—whether your visit to me be merely of a professional nature ? ”

“ Certainly, sir,” replied Adeline: “ of what other nature should it be ? ”

Langley replied to this only by a significant smile. At this moment the tawny boy asked leave to walk in the Temple gardens; and Adeline, though reluctantly, granted his request.

“ Oh ! à propos, John,” cried Langley to the servant, “ let Mrs. Montgomery know that her friend miss Mowbray, Mrs. Berrendale I mean, is here—she is walking in the garden.”

“ My friend Mrs. Montgomery, sir ! I have no friend of that name.”

“ No, my sweet soul ? You may not know her by that name ; but names change, you know. You, for instance, are Mrs. Berrendale now, but when I see you again you may be Mrs. somebody else.”

“Never, sir,” cried Adeline indignantly; “but, though I do not exactly understand your meaning, I feel as if you meant to insult me, and therefore —”

“Oh no—sit down again, my angel; you are mistaken, and so apt to fly off in a tangent! But—so—that wonderfully handsome man, Berrendale, is off—heh? Your friend and mine, heh! pretty one!”

“If, sir, Mr. Berrendale ever considered you as his friend, it is very strange that you should presume to insult his wife.”

“Madam,” replied Langley with a most provoking sneer, “Mr. Berrendale’s wife shall always be treated by me with proper respect.”

“Gracious Heaven!” cried Adeline, clasping her hands and looking upwards with tearful eyes, “when shall my persecutions cease! and how much greater must my offences be than even my remorse

morse paints them, when their consequences still torment me so long after the crime which occasioned them has ceased to exist! But it is Thy will, and I will submit even to indignity with patience."

There was a touching solemnity in this appeal to heaven, an expression of truth, which it was so impossible for art to imitate, that Langley felt in a moment the injustice of which he had been guilty, and an apology was on his lips, when the door opened, and a lady, rouged like a French countess of the ancien régime, her hair covered with a profusion of brown powder, and dressed in the height of the fashion, ambled into the room; and saying, "How d'ye do, miss Mowbray?" threw herself carelessly on the sofa, to the astonishment of Adeline, who did not recollect her, and to the confusion of Langley, who now, impressed with involuntary respect for Adeline, repented
of

of having exposed her to the scene that awaited her: but to prevent it was impossible; he was formed to be the slave of women, and had not courage to protect another from the insolence to which he tamely yielded himself.

Adeline at first did not answer this soi-disant acquaintance of hers; but, in looking at her more attentively, she exclaimed, "What do I see? Is it possible that this can be Mary Warner!"

"Yes, it is, my dear, indeed," replied she with a loud laugh, "Mary Warner, alias Mrs. Montgomery; as you, you know, are miss Mowbray, alias Mrs. Berrendale."

Adeline, incapable of speaking, only gazed at her in silence, but with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

"But, come, sit down, my dear," cried Mary; "no ceremony, you know, among friends and equal, ; you know; and

you and I have been mighty familiar, you know, before now. The last time we met you called me *woman*, you know—yes, ‘woman!’ says you—and I have not forgotten it, I assure you,” she added with a sort of loud hysterical laugh, and a look of the most determined malice.

“Come, come, my dear Montgomery,” said Langley, “you must forget and forgive;—I dare say miss Mowbray, that is to say Mrs. Berrendale, did not mean—”

“What should you know about the matter, Lang.?” replied Mary; “I wish you would mind your own business, and let me talk to my dumb friend here. Weil, I suppose you are quite surprised to see how smart I am!—seeing as how I once over-hard you say to Glenthingymy, ‘How very plain Mary is!’ though, to be sure, it was never a barrel the better herring, and ’twas the kettle in my mind calling the pot—heh, Lang.?”

Here

Here was the clue to the inveterate dislike which this unhappy girl had conceived against Adeline. So true is it that little wounds inflicted on the self-love are never forgotten or forgiven, and that it is safer to censure the morals of acquaintances than to ridicule them on their dress, or laugh at a defect in their person. Adeline, indeed, did not mean that her observation should be over-heard by the object of it, —still she was hated: but many persons make mortifying remarks purposely, and yet wonder that they have enemies!

Motionless and almost lifeless Adeline continued to stand and to listen, and Mary went on—

“ Well, but I thank you for one thing. You taught me that marriage was all nonsense, you know; and so thought I, miss Mowbray is a learned lady, she must know best, and so I followed your example—that’s all you know.”

This

This dreadful information roused the feelings of Adeline even to phrensy, and with a shriek of anguish she seized her hand, and conjured her by all her hopes of mercy to retract what she had said, and not to let her depart with the horrible consciousness of having been the means of plunging a fellow-being into vice and ignominy.

A loud unfeeling laugh, and an exclamation of “the woman is mad,” was all the answer to this.

“This then is the completion of my sufferings,” cried Adeline,—“this only was wanted to complete the misery of my remorse.”

“Good God! this is too much,” exclaimed Langley. “Mary, you know very well that—”

“Hold your tongue, Lang.; you know nothing about the matter: it is all nothing, but that miss Mowbray, like a lawyer,

lawyer, can change sides, you see, and attack one day what she defended the day before, you know ; and she have made you believe that she think now being kept a shameful thing."

"I do believe so," hastily replied Adeline ; "and if it be true that my sentiments and my example led you to adopt your present guilty mode of life,—oh ! save me from the pangs of remorse which I now feel, by letting my present example recall you from the paths of error to those of virtue."

"Well pleaded," cried the cold-hearted Mary—"Lang., you could not have done't so well—not up to that."

"Mrs. Montgomery," said Langley with great severity, "if you cannot treat Mrs. Berrendale with more propriety and respect, I must beg you to leave the room ; she is come to speak to me on business, and—"

“ I sha’n’t stir, for all that : and mark me, Lang., if you turn me out of the room, you know, curse me if ever I enter it again !”

“ But your little boy may want you ; you have left him now some time.”

“ Aye, that may be true, to be sure, poor little dear ! Have you any family, miss Mowbray ?” —when, without waiting for an answer, she added, “ My little boy have got the small-pox very bad, and has been likely to die from convulsion fits, you know. Poor dear ! I had been nursing it so long that I could not bear the stench of the room, and so I was glad, you know, to come and get a little fresh air in the gardens.”

At this speech Adeline’s fortitude entirely gave way. *Her* child had not had the small-pox, and she had been for some minutes in reach of the infection ; and with a look of horror, forgetting her

business, and every thing but Editha, she was on the point of leaving the room, when a servant hastily entered, and told Mary that her little boy was dead.

At hearing this, even her cold heart was moved, and throwing herself back on the sofa she fell into a strong hysteric; while Adeline, losing all remembrance of her insolence in her distress, flew to her assistance; and, in pity for a mother weeping the loss of her infant, forgot for a moment that she was endangering the life of her own child.

Mr. Langley, mean time, though grieved for the death of the infant, was alive to the generous forgiving disposition which Adeline evinced; and could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Berrendale! forgive us! we deserved not such kindness at your hands:" and Adeline, wanting to loosen the tight stays of Mary, and not choosing to undress her before such a

witness, coldly begged him to withdraw, advising him at the same time to go and see whether the child was really dead, as it might possibly only appear so.

Revived by this possibility, Mr. Langley left Mary to the care of Adeline, and left the room. But whether it was that Mary had a mind to impress her lover and the father of her child with an idea of her sensibility, or whether she had overheard Adeline's supposition, certain it is, that as soon as Langley went away, and Adeline began to unlace her stays, she hastily recovered, and declared her stays should remain as they were: but still exclaiming about her poor dear Benny, she kept her arms closely clasped round Adeline's waist, and reposed her head on her bosom.

Adeline's fears and pity for her being thus allayed, she began to have leisure to feel and fear for herself; and the idea, that, by being in such close contact with

Mary,

Mary, she was imbibing so much of the disease as must inevitably communicate it to Editha, recurred so forcibly to her mind, that, begging for God's sake she would loose her hold, she endeavoured to break from the arms of her tormentor.

But in vain. — As soon as Mary saw that Adeline wished to leave her, she was the more eager to hold her fast ; and protesting she should die if she had the barbarity to leave her alone, she only hugged her the closer. “ Well, then, I'll try to stay till Mr. Langley returns,” cried Adeline : but some minutes elapsed, and Mr. Langley did not return ; and then Adeline, recollecting that when he did return he would come fresh fraught with the pestilence from the dead body of his infant, could no longer master her feelings, but screaming wildly, — “ I shall be the death of my child ; for God's sake let me go.”

go,"—she struggled with the determined Mary. "You will drive me mad if you detain me," cried Adeline.

"You will drive me mad if you go," replied Mary, giving way to a violent hysterical scream, while with successful strength she parried all Adeline's endeavours to break from her. But what can resist the strength of phrensy and despair? Adeline, at length worked up to madness by the fatal control exercised over her, by one great effort threw the sobbing Mary from her, and, darting down stairs with the rapidity of phrensy, nearly knocked down Mr. Langley in her passage, who was coming to announce the restoration of the little boy.

She soon reached Fleet-street, and was on her road home before Langley and Mary had recovered their consternation: but she suddenly recollected that home-wards

wards she must not proceed; that she carried death about her; and wholly bewildered by this insupportable idea, she ran along the Strand, muttering the incoherencies of phrensy as she went, till she was intercepted in her passage by some young men of *ton*, who had been dining together, and, being half intoxicated, were on their way to the theatre.

Two of these gentlemen, with extended arms, prevented her further progress.

“Where are you going, my pretty girl,” cried one, “in this hurry? shall I see you home? heh!”

“Home!” replied Adeline; “name it not. My child! my child! thy mother has destroyed thee.”

“So!” cried another, “an actress, by all that’s tragical!”

“Unhand me!” exclaimed Adeline wildly. “Do not you know, poor babe,
that

that I carry death and pollution about with me!"

"The devil you do!" returned the gentleman; "then the sooner you take yourself off the better."

"I believe the poor soul is mad," said a third, making way for Adeline to pass.

"But," cried the first who spoke, catching hold of her, "if so, there is method and meaning in her madness; for she called Jaby here a poor babe, and we all know he is little better."

By this time Adeline was in a state of complete phrensy, and was again darting down the street in spite of the gentleman's efforts to hold her, when another gentleman, whom curiosity had induced to stop and listen to what passed, suddenly seized hold of her arm, and exclaimed, "Good Heavens! what can this mean? It is—it can be no other than miss Mowbray."

At

At the sound of her own name Adeline started : but in a moment her senses were quite lost again ; and the gentleman, who was no other than colonel Mordaunt, being fully aware of her situation, after reproving the young men for sporting with distress so apparent, called a coach which happened to be passing, and desired to know whither he should have the honour of conducting her.

But she was too lost to be able to answer the question : he therefore, lifting her into the coach, desired the man to drive towards Dover-street ; and when there, he ordered him to drive to Margaret-street Oxford-street ; when, not being able to obtain one coherent word from Adeline, and nothing but expressions of agony, terror, and self-condemnation, he desired him to stop at such a house, and, conducting Adeline up stairs, desired the first assistance to be procured immediately.

It

It was not to his own lodgings that colonel Mordaunt had conducted Adeline, but to the house of a convenient friend of his, who, though not generally known as such, and bearing a tolerably good character in the world, was very kind to the tender distresses of her friends, and had no objection to assist the meetings of two fond lovers.

It is to be supposed, then, that she was surprised at seeing colonel Mordaunt with a companion, who was an object of pity and horror rather than of love: but she did not want humanity; and when the colonel recommended Adeline to her tenderest care, she with great readiness ordered a bed to be prepared, and assisted in prevailing on Adeline to lie down on it. In a short time a physician and a surgeon arrived; and Adeline, having been bled and made to swallow strong opiates, was undressed by her attentive landlady;

landlady; and though still in a state of unconsciousness, she fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning.

But colonel Mordaunt passed a sleepless night. The sight of Adeline, even frantic and wretched as she appeared, had revived the passion which he had conceived for her; and if on her awaking the next morning she should appear perfectly rational, and her phrensy merely the result of some great fright which she had received, he resolved to renew his addresses, and take advantage of the opportunity now offered him, while she was as it were in his power.

But to return to the Temple. Soon after Mr. Langley had entered his own room, and while Mary and he were commenting on the frantic behaviour of Adeline, the tawny boy came back from his walk, and heard with marks of emotion, apparently beyond his age, (for though near twelve
he

he did not look above eight years old,) of the sudden and frantic disappearance of Adeline.

“Oh! my dear friend,” cried he, “if you are not gone home you will break my poor mother’s heart!”

“And who is your mother?”

“Her name is Savanna; and she lives with Mrs. Berrendale.”

“Mrs. Berrendale!” cried Mary, “miss Mowbray you mean.”

“No, I do not;—her name was Mowbray, but is now Berrendale.”

“What! is she really married?” asked Langley.

“Yes, to be sure.”

“But how do you know that she is?”

“Oh! because I went to church with them, and my mother cooked the wedding-dinner, and I ate plum-pudding and drank punch, and we were very merry,—
only

only my mother cried, because my father could not come."

"Very circumstantial evidence, indeed!" cried Langley, "and I am very sorry that I did not know so much before. So you and your mother love this extraordinary fine woman, Mrs. Berrendale, heh?"

"Love her! To be sure—we should be very wicked if we did not. Did you never hear the story of the pine-apple?" said the tawny boy.

"Not I. What was it?" and the tawny boy, delighted to tell the story, with sparkling eyes sat down to relate it.

"You must know, Mr. Glenmurray longed for a pine-apple."

"Mrs. Glenmurray you mean," said Mary laughing immoderately.

"I know what I say," replied the tawny boy angrily; "and so miss Adeline, as she was then called, went out to buy one;—well, and so she met my poor father

father going to prison, and I was crying after her, and so—" Here he paused, and bursting into tears exclaimed, "And perhaps she is crying herself now, and I must go and see for her directly."

"Do so, my fine fellow," cried Langley: "you had better go home, tell your mother what has passed, and to-morrow (accompanying him down stairs, and speaking in a low voice) I will either write a note of apology or call on Mrs. Berrendale myself."

The tawny boy instantly set off, running as fast as he could, telling Langley first, that if any harm had happened to his friend, both he and his mother should lie down and die. And this further proof of Adeline's merit did not tend to calm Langley's remorse for having exposed her to the various distresses which she had undergone at his chambers.

CHAPTER III.

ADELINE awoke early the next morning perfectly sane, though weakened by the exertions which she had experienced the night before, and saw with surprise and alarm that she was not in her own lodging.

But she had scarcely convinced herself that she was awake, when Mrs. Selby, the mistress of the house, appeared at her bed-side, and, seeing what was passing in her mind by her countenance, explained to her as delicately as she could the situation in which she had been brought there.

“And who brought me hither?” replied Adeline, dreadfully agitated, as the remembrance of what had passed by degrees burst upon her.

“Colonel Mordaunt of the life-guards,” was the answer; and Adeline was shocked

ed to find that he was the person to whom she was under so essential an obligation. She then hastily arose, being eager to return home ; and in a short time she was ready to enter the drawing-room, and to express her thanks to colonel Mordaunt.

But in vain did she insist on going home directly, to ease the fears of her family. The physician, who arrived at the moment, forbade her going out without having first taken both medicine and refreshment ; and by the time that, after the most earnest entreaties, she obtained leave to depart, she recollected that, as her clothes were the same, she might still impart disease to her child, and therefore must on no account think of returning to Editha.

“ Whither, whither then can I go ? ” cried she, forgetting she was not alone.

“ Why not stay here ? ” said the colonel, who had been purposely left alone with her. “ O dearest of women ! that you would

would but accept the protection of a man who adores you ; who has long loved you ; who has been so fortunate as to rescue you from a situation of misery and danger, and the study of whose life it shall be to make you happy.”

He uttered this with such volubility, that Adeline could not find an opportunity to interrupt him ; but when he concluded, she calmly replied, “ I am willing to believe, colonel Mordaunt, from a conversation which I once had with you, that you are not aware of the extent of the insult which you are now offering to me. You probably do not know that I have been for years a married woman ?”

Colonel Mordaunt started and turned pale at this intelligence ; and in a faltering voice replied, that he was indeed a stranger to her present situation ;—for that, libertine as he confessed himself to be, he had

never yet allowed himself to address the wife of another.

This speech restored him immediately to the confidence of Adeline. "Then I hope," cried she, holding out her hand to him, which in spite of his virtue he passionately kissed, "that, as a friend, you will have the kindness to procure me a coach to take me to a lodging a few miles out of town, where I once was before; and that you will be so good as to drive directly to my lodgings, and let my poor maid know what is become of me. I dread to think," added she bursting into tears, "of the agony that my unaccountable absence must have occasioned her."

The colonel, too seriously attached to Adeline to know yet what he wished, or what he hoped on this discovery of her situation, promised to obey her, provided she would allow him to call on her
now

now and then ; and Adeline was too full of gratitude to him for the service which he had rendered her, to have resolution enough to deny his request. He then called a coach for himself, and for Adeline, as she insisted on his going immediately to her lodgings ; and also begged that he would tell the mulatto to send for advice, and prepare her little girl for inoculation directly.

Adeline drove directly to her old lodgings in the country, where she was most gladly received ; and the colonel went to deliver his commission to the mulatto.

He found her in strong hysterics ; the tawny boy crying over her, and the women of the house holding her down on the bed by force, while the little Editha had been conveyed to a neighbour's house, that she might not hear the screams which had surprised and terrified her.

Colonel Mordaunt had opened the door,

and was witnessing this distressing scene, before any one was conscious of his presence; but the tawny boy soon discovered him, and crying out—

“ Oh ! ‘sir, do you bring us news of our friend?’ ” sprang to him, and hung almost breathless on his arm.

Savanna, who was conscious enough to know what passed, though too much weakened from her own sufferings and anxieties to be able to struggle with this new affliction; started up on hearing these words, and screamed out “ Does she live? Blessed man! but say so, dat’s all,” in a tone so affecting, and with an expression of agonized curiosity so overwhelming to the feelings, that colonel Mordaunt, whose spirits were not very high, was so choked that he could not immediately answer her; and when at last he faltered out, “ She lives, and is quite well,” the frantic joy of the mulatto overcame him still more. She jumped

about his neck, she hugged the tawny boy ; and her delight was as extravagant as her grief had been ; till exhausted and silent she sunk upon the bed, and was unable for some minutes to listen quietly to the story which colonel Mordaunt came to relate.

When she was composed enough to listen to it, she did not long remain so ; for as soon as she heard that colonel Mordaunt had met Adeline in her phrensy, and conveyed her to a place of safety, she fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and, making the tawny boy kneel down by her, invoked the blessing of God on him so fervently and so eloquently, that colonel Mordaunt wept like a child, and, exclaiming, “ Upon my soul, my good woman, I cannot bear this,” was forced to run out of the house to recover his emotion.

When he returned, Savanna said, “ Well—now, blessed sir, take me to my dear lady.”

“ Indeed,”

“Indeed,” replied he, “I must not; you are forbidden to see her.”

“Forbidden!” replied she, her eyes flashing fire; “and who dare to keep Savanna from her own missess?—I will see her.”

“Not if she forbids it, Savanna; and if her child’s life should be endangered by it?”

“O, no, to be sure not,” cried the tawny boy, who doted upon Editha, and, having fetched her back from the next house, was lulling her to sleep in his arms.

Colonel Mordaunt started at sight of the child, and, stooping down to kiss its rosy cheek, sighed deeply as he turned away again.

“Well,” cried Savanna, “you talk very strange—me no understand.”

“But you shall, my excellent creature,” replied the colonel, “immediately.” He then entered on a full explanation to Savanna; who had no sooner heard that
her

her mistress feared that she had been so much exposed to the infection of the small-pox, as to make her certain of giving it to her child, than she exclaimed, "Oh, my good God! save and protect her own self! She never have it, and she may get it and die!"

"Surely you must be mistaken," replied the colonel, "Mrs. Berrendale must have recollected and mentioned her own danger if this be the case."

"She!" hastily interrupted the mulatto, "she tink of herself! Never—she only mind others' good.—Do you tink, if she be one selfish beast like her husban, Savanna love her so dear? No, Mr. colonel, me know her, and me know though we may save the child we may lose the mother." Here she began to weep bitterly; while the colonel, more in love than ever with Adeline from these proofs of her goodness, resolved to lose no time in urging her to undergo

dergo herself the operation which she desired for Editha.

Then, begging the mulatto to send for a surgeon directly, in spite of the tears of the tawny boy, who thought it cruel to run the risk of spoiling miss Editha's pretty face, he took his leave, saying to himself, "What a heart has this Adeline! how capable of feeling affection! for no one can inspire it who is not able to feel it: and this creature is thrown away on a man undeserving her, it seems!"

On this intelligence he continued to muse till he arrived at Adeline's lodgings, to whom he communicated all that had passed; and from whom he learned, with great anxiety, that it was but too true that she had never had the small-pox; and that, therefore, she should probably show symptoms of the disease in a few days: consequently, as she considered it too late for her to be inoculated, she should do all
that

that now remained to be done for her security, by low living and good air.

That same evening colonel Mordaunt returned to Savanna, in hopes of learning from her some further particulars respecting Adeline's husband; as he felt that his conscience would not be much hurt by inducing Adeline to leave the protection of a man who was unworthy of possessing her. Fortunately for his wishes, he could not wish to hear more than Savanna wished to tell every thing relating to her adored lady: and colonel Mordaunt heard with generous indignation of the perfidious conduct of Berrendale; vowing, at the same time, that his time, his interest, and his fortune, should all be devoted to bring such a villain to justice, and to secure to the injured Editha her rightful inheritance.

The mulatto was in raptures:—she told colonel Mordaunt that he was a charming man, and infinitely handsomer than Berrendale,

rendale, though she must own he was very good to look at; and she wished with all her soul that colonel Mordaunt was married to her lady; for then she believed she would have never known sorrow, but been as happy as the day was long.

Colonel Mordaunt could not hear this without a secret pang. "Had I followed," said he mentally, "the dictates of my heart when I saw Adeline at Bath, I might now, perhaps, instead of being a forlorn unattached being, have been a happy husband and father; and Adeline, instead of having been the mistress of one man, and the disowned wife of another, might have been happy and beloved, and as respectable in the eyes of the world as she is now in those of her grateful mulatto."

However, there was some hope left for him yet.—Adeline, he thought, was not a woman likely to be over-scrupulous in her ideas; and might very naturally think her-
self

self at liberty to accept the protection of a lover, when, from no fault of hers, she had lost that of her husband.

It is natural to suppose that, while elevated with these hopes, he did not fail to be very constant in his visits to Adeline; and that at length, more led by passion than policy, he abruptly, at the end of ten days, informed Adeline that he knew her situation, and that he trusted that she would allow him to hope that in due time his love, which had been proof against time, absence and disdain, would meet with reward; and that, on his settling a handsome income on her and her child for their joint lives, she would allow him to endeavour to make her as happy as she, and she only, could make him.

To this proposal, which was in form of a letter, colonel Mordaunt did not receive an immediate answer; nor was it at first likely that he should ever receive an answer

swer to it at all, as Adeline was at the moment of its arrival confined to her bed, according to her expectations, with the disease which she had been but too fearfully imbibing : while the half-distracted mulatto was forced to give up to others the care of the sickening Editha, to watch over the delirious and unconscious Adeline.

But the tawny boy's generous benefactress gave him leave to remain at Adeline's lodgings, in order to calm his fears for Editha, and assist in amusing and keeping her quiet ; and if attention had any share in preserving the life and beauty of Editha, it was to the affectionate tawny boy that she owed them ; and he was soon rewarded for all his care and anxiety by seeing his little charge able to play about as usual.

Colonel Mordaunt and the mulatto meanwhile did not obtain so speedy a termination to their anxieties ; Adeline's recovery was for a long time a matter of doubt ;

doubt ; and her weakness so great after the crisis of the disorder was past, that none ventured to pronounce her, even then, out of danger.

But at length she was in a great measure restored to health, and able to determine what line of conduct it was necessary for her to pursue.—To return an answer to colonel Mordaunt's proposals was certainly her first business ; but as she felt that the situation in which he had once known her made his offer less affronting than it would have been under other circumstances, she resolved to speak to him on the subject with gentleness, not severity ; especially as during her illness, to amuse the anxiety that had preyed upon him, he had taken every possible step to procure evidence of the marriage, and gave into Savanna's hands, the first day that he was permitted to see her, an attested certificate of it.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

THE first question which Adeline asked on her recovery was, Whether any letter had come by the general post during her illness; and Savanna gave one to her immediately.

It was the letter so ardently desired; for the direction was in her mother's handwriting! and she opened it full of eager expectation, while her whole existence seemed to depend on the nature of its contents. What then must have been her agony on finding that the *enveloppe* contained nothing but her own letter returned! For some time she spoke not, she breathed not; while Savanna mixed with expressions of terror, at sight of her mistress's distress, execrations on the unnatural

natural parent who had so cruelly occasioned it.

After a few days' incessant struggle to overcome the violence of her sorrow, Adeline recovered the shock, in appearance at least : yet to Savanna's self-congratulations she could not help answering (laying her hand on her heart), " The blow is here, Savanna, and the wound incurable."

Soon after she thought herself well enough to see colonel Mordaunt, and to thank him for the recent proof of his attention to her and her interest. But no obligation, however great, could shut the now vigilant eyes of Adeline to the impropriety of receiving further visits from him, or to the guilt of welcoming to her house a man who made open professions to her of illicit love.

She however thought it her duty to see him once more, in order to try to reconcile
him

him to the necessity of the rule of conduct which she was going to lay down for herself; nor was she without hope that the yet recent traces of the disease, to which she had so nearly fallen a victim, would make her appearance so unpleasing to the eyes of her lover, that he would be very willing to absent himself from the house, for some time at least, and probably give up all thoughts of her.

But she did neither herself nor colonel Mordaunt justice.—She was formed to inspire a real and lasting passion—a passion that no external change could destroy—since it was founded on the unchanging qualities of the heart and mind: and colonel Mordaunt felt for her such an attachment in all its force. He had always admired the attractive person and winning graces of Adeline, and felt for her what he denominated love; but that rational though enthusiastic preference, which

which is deserving of the name of true love, he never felt till he had an opportunity to appreciate justly the real character of Adeline: still there were times when he felt almost gratified to reflect that she could not legally be his; for, whatever might have been the cause and excuse of her errors, she had erred, and the delicacy of his mind revolted at the idea of marrying the mistress of another.

But when he saw and heard Adeline this repugnance vanished; and he knew that, could he at those moments lead her to the altar, he should not have hesitated to bind himself to her for ever by the sacred ties which the early errors of her judgment had made her in his opinion almost unworthy to form.

At length a day was fixed for his interview with Adeline, and with a beating heart he entered the apartment; nor was his emotion diminished when he beheld

not only the usual vestiges of her complaint, but symptoms of debility, and a death-like meagreness of aspect, which made him fear that though one malady was conquered, another, even more dangerous, remained. The idea overcame him ; and he was forced to turn to the window to hide his emotion : and his manner was so indicative of ardent yet respectful attachment, that Adeline began to feel in spite of herself that her projected task was difficult of execution.

For some minutes neither of them spoke : Mordaunt held the hand which she gave him to his heart, kissed it as she withdrew it, and again turned away his head to conceal a starting tear ; while Adeline was not sorry to have a few moments in which to recover herself, before she addressed him on the subject at that time nearest to the heart of both. At length she summoned resolution enough to say :—

“ Much as I have been mortified and degraded, colonel Mordaunt, by the letter which I have received from you, still I rejoice that I did receive it :—in the first place, I rejoice, because I look on all the sufferings and mortifications which I meet with as latent blessings, as expiations required of me in mercy by the Being whom I adore, for the sins of which I have been guilty ; and, in the second place, because it gives me an opportunity of proving, incontrovertibly, my full conviction of the fallacy of my past opinions, and that I became a wife, after my idle declamations against marriage, from change of principle, on assurance of error, and not from interest, or necessity.”

Here she paused, overcome with the effort which she had made ; and colonel Mordaunt would have interrupted her, but, earnestly conjuring him to give her a patient hearing, she proceeded thus :—

“ Had the change in my practice been the result of any thing but rational conviction, I should now, unfortunate as I have been in the choice of a husband, regret that ever I formed so foolish a tie, and perhaps be induced to enter into a less sacred connection, from an idea that that state which forced me to drag out existence in hopeless misery was contrary to reason, justice, and the benefit of society; and that the sooner its ties were dissolved, the better it would be for individual happiness and for the world at large.”

“ And do you not think so?” cried colonel Mordaunt; “ cannot your own individual experience convince you of it?”

“ Far from it,” replied Adeline; “ and I bless God that it does not: for thence, and thence only, do I begin to be reconciled to myself. I have no doubt that there is a great deal of individual suffering in the marriage

marriage state, from contrariety of temper and other causes ; but I believe that the mass of happiness and virtue is certainly increased by it. Individual suffering, therefore, is no more an argument for the abolition of marriage, than the accidental bursting of a musquet would be for the total abolition of fire-arms."

"But, surely, dear Mrs. Berrendale, you would wish divorce to be made easier than it is?"

"By no means," interrupted Adeline, understanding what he was going to say : "to BEAR and FORBEAR I believe to be the grand secret of happiness, and ought to be the great study of life: therefore, whatever would enable married persons to separate on the slightest quarrel or disgust, would make it so much the less necessary for us to learn this important lesson; a lesson so needful in order to perfect the human character, that I believe the difficulty of
divorce

divorce to be one of the greatest blessings of society."

"What can have so completely changed your opinions on this subject?" replied colonel Mordaunt.

"Not my own experience," returned Adeline; "for the painful situations in which I have been placed, I might attribute, not to the *fallacy* of the system on which I have acted, but to those existing prejudices in society which I wish to see destroyed."

"Then, to what else is the change in your sentiments to be attributed?"

"To a more serious, unimpassioned, and unprejudiced view of the subject than I had before taken: at present I am not equal to expatiate on matters so important: however, some time or other, perhaps, I may make known to you my sentiments on them in a more ample manner: but I have, I trust, said enough to lead
you

you to conclude, that though Mr. Berrendale's conduct to me has been atrocious, and that you are in many respects entitled to my gratitude and thanks, you and I must henceforward be strangers to each other."

Colonel Mordaunt, little expecting such a total overthrow to his hopes, was, on receiving it, choked with contending emotions; and his broken sentences and pale cheek were sufficiently expressive of the distress which he endured. But I shall not enter into a detail of all he urged in favour of his passion; nor the calm, dignified, and feeling manner in which Adeline replied. Suffice that, at last, from a sort of intuitive knowledge of the human heart, as it were, which persons of quick talents and sensibilities possess, however defective their experience, Adeline resolved to try to sooth the self-love which she had wounded, knowing that self-love

is

is scarcely to be distinguished in its effects from love itself; and that the agony of disappointed passion is always greater when it is inflicted by the coldness or falsehood of the beloved object, than when it proceeds from parental prohibition, or the cruel separation enjoined by conscious poverty. She therefore told colonel Mordaunt that he was once very near being the first choice of her heart: when she first saw him, she said, his person, and manners, and attentions, had so strongly prepossessed her in his favour, that he himself, by ceasing to see and converse with her, could alone have saved her from the pain of a hopeless attachment.

“For God’s sake, spare me,” cried Mordaunt, “the contemplation of the happiness I might have enjoyed!”

“But you know you were not a marrying-man, as it is called; and forgive me
if

if I say, that men who can on system suppress the best feelings of their nature, and prefer a course of libertine indulgence to a virtuous connection, at that time of life when they might become happy husbands and fathers, with the reasonable expectation of living to see their children grown up to manhood, and superintending their education themselves—such men, colonel Mordaunt, deserve, in the decline of life, to feel that regret and that self-condemnation which you this moment anticipate.”

“True—too true!” replied the colonel; “but, for mercy’s sake, torture me no more.”

“I would not probe where I did not intend to make a cure,” replied Adeline.

“A cure!—what mean you?”

“I mean to induce you, ere it be yet too late, to endeavour to form a virtuous attachment,

tachment, and to unite yourself for life with some amiable young woman who will make you as happy as I would have endeavoured to make you, had it been my fortunate lot to be yours : for, believe me, colonel Mordaunt," and her voice faltered as she said it, "had *he*, whom I still continue to love with unabated tenderness, though years have elapsed since he was taken from me,—had he bequeathed me to you on his death-bed, the reluctance with which I went to the altar would have been more easily overcome."

Saying this, she suddenly left the room, leaving colonel Mordaunt surprised, gratified, and his mind struggling between hopes and fears; for Adeline was not conscious that she imparted hope as well as consolation by the method which she pursued; and though she sent Savanna to tell the colonel she could see him no more that evening,

evening, he departed in firm expectation that Adeline would not have resolution to forbid him to see her again.

In this, however, he was mistaken: Adeline had learnt the best of all lessons, —distrust of her own strength ;—and she resolved to put it out of her power to receive visits which a regard to propriety forbade, and which might injure her reputation, if not her peace of mind. Therefore, as soon as colonel Mordaunt was gone, she summoned Savanna, and desired her to proceed to business.

“ What !” cried the delighted mulatto, “ are we going to prosecu massa ?”

“ No,” replied Adeline, “ we are going into the country : I am come to a determination to take no legal steps in this affair, but leave Mr. Berrendale to the reproaches of his own conscience.”

“ A fiddle’s-end !” replied Savanna, “ he have no conscience, or he no leave
you :

you : better get him hang ; if you can, den you marry de colonel."

" I had better hang the father of my child, had I, Savanna ?"

" Oh ! no, no, no, no,—me forget dat."

" But I do not, nor can I even bear to disgrace the father of Editha : therefore, trusting that I can dispose of her, and secure her interest better than by forcing her father to do her justice, and bastardize the poor innocent whom his wife will soon bring into the world, I am going to bury myself in retirement, and live the short remainder of my days unknowing and unknown."

CHAPTER V.

SAVANNA was going to remonstrate, but the words "short remainder of my days" distressed her so much, that tears choked her words; and she obeyed in silence her mistress's orders to pack up, except when she indulged in a few exclamations against her lady's cruelty in going away without taking leave of colonel Mordaunt, who, sweet gentleman, would break his heart at her departure, especially as he was not to know whither she was going. A post-chaise was at the door the next morning at six o'clock; and as Adeline had not much luggage, having left the chief part of her furniture to be divided between the mistresses of her two lodgings, in return for their kind attention to her and her child, she

she took an affectionate leave of her landlady, and desired the post-boy to drive a mile on the road before him; and when he had done so, she ordered him to go on to Barnet; while the disappointed mulatto thanked God that the tawny boy was gone to Scotland with his protectress, as it prevented her having the mortification of leaving him behind her, as well as the colonel.—“Oh! had I had such a lover,” cried she, (her eyes filling with tears,) “me never leave him, nor he me!” and for the first time she thought her angel-lady hard-hearted.

For some miles they proceeded in silence, for Adeline was too much engrossed to speak; and the little Editha, being fast asleep in the mulatto's arms, did not draw her mother out of the reverie into which she had fallen.

“And where now?” said the mulatto, when the chaise stopped.

“To

“To the next stage on the high north road.” And on they went again : nor did they stop, except for refreshments, till they had travelled thirty miles ; when Adeline, worn out with fatigue, staid all night at the inn where the chaise stopped, and the next morning they resumed their journey, but not their silence. The mulatto could no longer restrain her curiosity ; and she begged to know whither they were going, and why they were to be buried in the country ?

Adeline, sighing deeply, answered, that they were going to live in Cumberland ; and then sunk into silence again, as she could not give the mulatto her true reasons for the plan that she was pursuing without wounding her affectionate heart in a manner wholly incurable. The truth was, that Adeline supposed herself to be declining : she thought that she experienced those dreadful languors, those sensations of internal

nal

nal weakness, which, however veiled to the eye of the observer, speak in forcible language to the heart of the conscious sufferer. Indeed, Adeline had long struggled, but in vain, against feelings of a most overwhelming nature ; amongst which, remorse and horror, for having led by her example and precepts an innocent girl into a life of infamy, were the most painfully predominant : for, believing Mary Warner's assertion when she saw her at Mr. Langley's chambers, she looked upon that unhappy girl's guilt as the consequence of her own ; and mourned, incessantly mourned, over the fatal errors of her early judgment, which had made her, though an idolater of virtue, a practical assistant to the cause of vice. When Adeline imagined the term of her existence to be drawing nigh, her mother, her obdurate but still dear mother, regained her wonted ascendancy over her affections ; and to her, the approach of death seemed
fraught

fraught with satisfaction. For that parent, so long, so repeatedly deaf to her prayers, and to the detail of those sufferings which she had made one of the conditions of her forgiveness, had promised to see and to forgive her on her *death-bed*; and her heart yearned, fondly yearned, for the moment when she should be pressed to the bosom of a relenting parent.

To Cumberland, therefore, she was resolved to hasten, and into the very neighbourhood of Mrs. Mowbray; while, as the chaise wheeled them along to the place of their destination, even the prattle of her child could not always withdraw her from the abstraction into which she was plunged, as the scenes of her early years thronged upon her memory, and with them the recollection of those proofs of a mother's fondness, for a renewal of which, even in the society of Glenmurray, she had constantly and despondingly sighed.

As they approached Penrith, her emotion redoubled, and she involuntarily exclaimed—"Cruel, but still dear, mother, you little think your child is so near!"

"Heaven save me!" cried Savanna; "are we to go and be near dat woman?"

"Yes," replied Adeline. "Did she not say she would forgive me on my death-bed?"

"But you not there yet, dear missess," sobbed Savanna; "you not there of long years!"

"Savanna," returned Adeline, "I should die contented to purchase my mother's blessing and forgiveness."

Savanna, speechless with contending emotions, could not express by words the feeling of mixed sorrow and indignation which overwhelmed her; but she replied by putting Editha in Adeline's arms; then articulating with effort, "Look there!" she sobbed aloud.

"I un-

“I understand you,” said Adeline, kissing away the tears gathering in Editha’s eyes, at sight of Savanna’s distress : “ but perhaps I think my death would be of more service to my child than my life.”

“ And to me too, I suppose,” replied Savanna reproachfully. “ Well,—me go to Scotland ; for no one love me but the tawny boy.”

“ You first will stay and close my eyes, I hope !” observed Adeline mournfully.

In a moment Savanna’s resentment vanished. “ Me will live and die vid you,” she replied, her tears redoubling, while Adeline again sunk into thoughtful silence.

As soon as they reached Penrith, Adeline inquired for lodgings out of the town, on that side nearest to her mother’s abode ; and was so fortunate, as she esteemed herself, to procure two apartments at a small house within two miles of Mrs. Mowbray’s.

“ Then I breathe once more the same

air with my mother!" exclaimed Adeline as she took possession of her lodging. "Savanna, methinks I breathe freer already!"

"Me more choked," replied the mulatto, and turned sullenly away.

"Nay, I—I feel so much better, that to-morrow I will—I will take a walk," said Adeline hesitatingly.

"And where?" asked Savanna eagerly.

"Oh, to-night I shall only walk to bed," replied Adeline smiling, and with unusual cheerfulness she retired to rest.

The next morning she arose early; and being informed that a stile near a peasant's cottage commanded a view of Mrs. Mowbray's house, she hired a man and cart to convey her to the bottom of the hill, and with Editha by her side, she set out to indulge her feelings by gazing on the house which contained her mother.

When they alighted, Editha gaily endeavoured to climb the hill, and urged her
mother

mother to follow her ; but Adeline, rendered weak by illness and breathless by emotion, felt the ascent so difficult, that no motive less powerful than the one which actuated her could have enabled her to reach the summit.

At length, however, she did reach it:— and the lawn before Mrs. Mowbray's white house, her hay-fields, and the running stream at the bottom of it, burst in all their beauty on her view.—“ And this is my mother's dwelling !” exclaimed Adeline ; “ and there was I born : and near here—” shall I die, she would have added but her voice failed her.

“ Oh ! what a pretty house and garden !” cried Editha in the unformed accents of childhood ;—“ how I should like to live there !”

This artless remark awakened a thousand mixed and overpowering feelings in the bosom of Adeline ; and, after a pause of
of

of strong emotion, she exclaimed, catching the little prattler to her heart—"You *shall* live there, my child!—yes, yes, you *shall* live there!"

"But when?" resumed Editha.

"When I am in my grave," answered Adeline.

"And when shall you be there?" replied the unconscious child, fondly caressing her: "pray, mamma—pray be there soon!"

Adeline turned away, unable to answer her.

"Look—look, mamma!" resumed Editha: "there are ladies.—Oh! do let us go there now!—why can't we?"

"Would to God we could!" replied Adeline; as in one of the ladies she recognised Mrs. Mowbray, and stood gazing on her till her eyes ached again: but what she felt on seeing her she will herself describe in the succeeding pages; and I shall only add,

add, that, as soon as Mrs. Mowbray returned into the house, Adeline, wrapped in a long and mournful reverie, returned, full of a new plan, to her lodgings.

There is no love so disinterested as parental love; and Adeline had all the keen sensibilities of a parent. To make, therefore, “assurance doubly sure” that Mrs. Mowbray should receive and should love her orphan when she was no more, she resolved to give up the gratification to which she had looked forward, the hope, before she died, of obtaining her forgiveness—that she might not weaken, by directing any part of them to herself, those feelings of remorse, fruitless tenderness, and useless regret in her mother’s bosom, which she wished should be concentrated in her child.

“No,” said Adeline to herself, “I am sure that she will not refuse to receive my orphan to her love and protection when I am no more, and am become
alike

alike insensible of reproaches and of blessings ; and I think that she will love my child the more tenderly, because to me she will be unable to express the compunction which, sooner or later, she will feel from the recollection of her conduct towards me : therefore, I will make no demands on her love for myself ; but, in a letter to be given her after my decease, bequeath my orphan to her care ;”—and with this determination she returned from her ride.

“ Have you seen her ? ” said Savanna, running out to meet her.

“ Yes—but not spoken to her ; nor shall I see her again.”

“ What—I suppose she sees you, and not speak ? ”

“ Oh, no ; she did not see me, nor shall I urge her to see me : my plans are altered,” replied Adeline.

“ And

“And we go back to town and colonel Mordaunt?”

“No,” resumed Adeline, sighing deeply, and preparing to write to Mrs. Mowbray.

But it is necessary that we should for a short time go back to Berrendale, and relate that, while Adeline and Editha were confined with the small-pox, Mr. Drury received a summons from his employer in Jamaica to go over thither, to be intrusted with some particular business: in consequence of this he resolved to call again on Adeline, and inquire whether she still persisted in styling herself Mrs. Berrendale; as he concluded that Berrendale would be very glad of all the information relative to her and her child which he could possibly procure, whether his curiosity on the subject proceeded from fear or love.

It

It so happened, that as soon as Editha, as well as her mother, was in the height of the disorder, Mr. Drury called; and finding that they were both very bad, he thought that his friend Berrendale was likely to get rid of both his incumbrances at once; and being eager to communicate good news to a man whose influence in the island might be of benefit to him, he every day called to inquire concerning their health.

The second floor in the house where Adeline lodged was then occupied by a young woman in indigent circumstances, who, as well as her child, had sickened with the distemper the very day that Editha was inoculated: and when Drury, just as he was setting off for Portsmouth, ran to gain the latest intelligence of the invalids, a char-woman, who attended to the door, not being acquainted with the name of the poor young woman and her little girl,

girl, concluding that Mr. Drury, by Mrs. Berrendale and miss who were ill with the small-pox, meant them, replied to his inquiries,—“ Ah, poor things! it is all over with them, they died last night.”

On which, not staying for any further intelligence, Drury set off for Portsmouth, and arrived at Jamaica just as Berrendale was going to remit to Adeline a draft for a hundred pounds. For Adeline, and the injury which he had done her, had been for some days constantly present to his thoughts. He had been ill; and as indigestion, the cause of his complaints, is apt to occasion disturbed dreams, he had in his dreams been haunted by the image of Glenmurray, who, with a threatening aspect, had reproached him with cruelty and base ingratitude to him, in deserting in such a manner the wife whom he had bequeathed to him.

The constant recurrence of these dreams
had

had depressed his spirits and excited his remorse so much, that he could calm his feelings in no other way than by writing a kind letter to Adeline, and inclosing her a draft on his banker. This letter was on the point of being sent when Drury arrived, and, with very little ceremony, informed him that Adeline was dead.

“Dead!” exclaimed Berrendale, falling almost senseless on his couch:—“Dead! —Oh! for God’s sake, tell me of what she died!—Surely, surely, she —” Here his voice failed him.

Drury coolly replied, that she and her child both died of the small-pox.

“But *when*? my dear fellow!—when? Say that they died nine months ago (that was previous to his marriage), and you make me your friend for life!”

Drury, so *bribed*, would have said *any thing*; and, with all the coolness possible, he

he replied, "Then be my friend for life :— they died rather better than nine months ago."

Berrendale, being then convinced that bigamy was not likely to be proved against him, soon forgot, in the joy which this thought occasioned him, remorse for his conduct to Adeline, and regret for her early fate : besides, he concluded that he saved 100%. by the means ; for he knew not that the delicate mind of Adeline would have scorned to owe pecuniary obligations to the husband who had basely and unwarrantably deserted her.

But he was soon undeceived on this subject, by a letter which colonel Mor-daunt wrote in confidence to a friend in Jamaica, begging him to inquire concerning Mr. Berrendale's second marriage ; and to inform him privately that his injured wife had zealous and powerful friends in
England,

England, who were continually urging her to prosecute him for bigamy.

This intelligence had a fatal effect on the health of Berrendale; for though the violent temper and overbearing disposition of his second wife had often made him regret the gentle and compliant Adeline, and a separation from her, consequently, would be a blessing, still he feared to encounter the disgrace of a prosecution, and still more the anger of his West Indian wife; who, it was not improbable, might even attack his life in the first moment of ungoverned passion.

And to these fears he soon fell a sacrifice: for a frame debilitated by intemperance could not support the assaults made on it by the continued apprehensions which colonel Mordaunt's friend had excited in him; and he died in that gentleman's presence, whom in his last moments he
had

had summoned to his apartment to witness a will, by which he owned Adeline Mowbray to be his lawful wife, and left Editha, his acknowledged and only heir, a very considerable fortune.

But this circumstance, an account of which, with the will, was transmitted to colonel Mordaunt, did not take place till long after Adeline took up her abode in Cumberland.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT to return to colonel Mordaunt. Though Adeline had said that he must discontinue his visits, he resolved to disobey her ; and the next morning, as soon as he thought she had breakfasted, he repaired to her lodgings ; where he heard, with mixed sorrow and indignation, that she had set off in a post-chaise at six o'clock, and was gone no one knew whither.

“ But, surely she has left some note or message for me ! ” exclaimed colonel Mordaunt.

“ Neither the one nor the other,” was the answer ; and he returned home in no very enviable state of mind.

Various, indeed, and contradictory
were

were his feelings : yet still affection was uppermost ; and he could not but respect in Adeline the conduct which drove him to despair. Nor was self-love backward to suggest to him, that had not Adeline felt his presence and attentions to be dangerous, she would not so suddenly have withdrawn from them ; and this idea was the only one on which he could at all bear to dwell : for, when he reflected that day after day might pass without his either seeing or hearing from her, existence seemed to become suddenly a burthen, and he wandered from place to place with joyless and unceasing restlessness.

At one time he resolved to pursue her ; but the next, piqued at not having received from her even a note of farewell, he determined to endeavour to forget her : and this was certainly the wiser plan of the two : but the succeeding moment he determined to let a week pass, in hopes of

receiving a letter from her, and, in case he did not, to set off in search of her, being assured of succeeding in his search, because the singularity of Savanna's appearance, and the traces of the small-pox visible in the face of Adeline, made them liable to be observed, and easy for him to describe.

But before the week elapsed, from agitation of mind, and from having exposed himself unnecessarily to cold, by lying on damp grass at midnight, after having heated himself by immoderate walking, colonel Mordaunt became ill of a fever; and when, after a confinement of several weeks, he was restored to health, he despaired of being able to learn tidings of the fugitives; and disappointed and dejected, he sought in the gayest scenes of the metropolis and its environs to drown the remembrances, from which in solitude he had vainly endeavoured

deavoured to fly. At this time a faded but attractive woman of quality, with whom he had formerly been intimate, returned from abroad, and, meeting colonel Mordaunt at the house of a mutual friend, endeavoured to revive in him his former attachment: but it was a difficult task for a woman, who, though capable of charming the senses, had never been able to touch the heart, to excite an attachment in a man already sentimentally devoted to another.

Her advances, however, flattered colonel Mordaunt, and her society amused him, till, at length, their intimacy was renewed on its former footing: but soon disgusted with an intercourse in which the heart had no share, tired of his mistress, and displeased with himself, he took an abrupt leave of her, and, throwing himself into his post-chaise, retired to the seat of a relation in Herefordshire.

Near this gentleman's house lived Mr. Maynard and his two sisters, who had taken up their abode there immediately on their return from Portugal. Major Douglas, his wife, and Emma Douglas, were then on a visit to them. Mordaunt had known major Douglas in early life; and as soon as he found that he was in the neighbourhood, he rode over to renew his acquaintance with him; and received so cordial a welcome, not only from the major, but the master of the house and his sisters, that he was strongly induced to repeat his visits, and not a day passed in which he was not, during some part of it, a guest at Mr. Maynard's.

Mrs. Wallington and miss Maynard, indeed, received him with such pointed marks of distinction and preference, as to make it visible to every observer that it was not as a friend only they were desirous of considering colonel Mordaunt; while,

while, by spiteful looks and acrimonious remarks directed to each other, the sisters expressed the jealousy which rankled in their hearts, whenever he seemed by design or inadvertency to make one of them a particular object of his attention.

Of Emma Douglas's chance for his favour, they were not at all fearful:—they thought her too plain, and too unattractive, to be capable of rivalling them; especially in the favour of an officer, a man of fashion; and therefore they beheld without emotion the attention which colonel Mordaunt paid to her whenever she spoke, and the deference which he evidently felt for her opinion, as her remarks on whatever subject she conversed were formed always to interest, and often to instruct.

One evening, while major Douglas was amusing himself in looking over some magazines

gazines which had lately been bound up together, and had not yet been deposited in Mr. Maynard's library, he suddenly started, laid down the book, and turning to the window, with an exclamation of—"Poor fellow!"—passed his hand across his eyes, as if meaning to disperse an involuntary tear.

"What makes you exclaim 'Poor fellow?'" asked his lovely wife: "have you met with an affecting story in those magazines?"

"No, Louisa," replied he, "but I met in the obituary with a confirmation of the death of an old friend, which I suspected must have happened by this time, though I never knew it before; I see by this magazine that poor Glenmurray died a very few months after we saw him at Perpignan."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas.

"I wish I knew what is become of his

his interesting companion, miss Mowbray," said Emma Douglas.

"I wish I did too," secretly sighed colonel Mordaunt: but his heart palpitated so violently at this unexpected mention of the woman for whom he still pined in secret, that he had not resolution to say that he knew her.

"Become of her!" cried miss Maynard sneeringly: "you need not *wonder*, I think, what her fate is: no doubt Mr. Glenmurray's *interesting companion* has not lost her companionable qualities, and is a companion still."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Wallington; "or, rather, I dare say that angel of purity is gone upon the town."

It was the dark hour, else colonel Mordaunt's agitation, on hearing these gross and unjust remarks, must have betrayed his secret to every eye; while indignation

dignation now impeded his utterance as much as confusion had done before.

“Surely, surely,” cried the kind and candid Emma Douglas, “I must grossly have mistaken miss Mowbray’s character, if she was capable of the conduct which you attribute to her !”

“My dear creature !” replied Mrs. Wallington, “how should you know any thing of her character, when it was gone long before you knew her ?—*Character*, indeed ! you remind me of my brother.....Mr. Davenport,” continued she to a gentleman present, “did you ever hear the story of my brother and an angel of purity whom he met with abroad ?”

“No—never.”

“Be quiet,” said Maynard ; “I will not be laughed at.”

However, Mrs. Wallington and miss Maynard, who had not yet forgiven the
deep

deep impression which Adeline's graces had made on their brother, insisted on telling the story; to which colonel Mordaunt listened with eager and anxious curiosity. It received all the embellishments which female malice could give it; and if it amused any one, certainly that person was neither Mordaunt, nor Emma Douglas, nor her gentle sister.

"But how fortunate it was," added miss Maynard, "that we were not with my brother! as we should unavoidably have walked and talked with this angel."

Mordaunt longed to say, "I think the good fortune was all on miss Mowbray's side."

But Adeline and her cause were in good hands: Emma Douglas stood forth as her champion.—"We feel very differently on that subject," she replied. "I shall ever regret, not that I saw and conversed with miss Mowbray, but that I
did

did not see and converse with her again and again."

At this moment Emma was standing by colonel Mordaunt, who involuntarily caught her hand and pressed it eagerly; but tried to disguise his motive by suddenly seating her in a chair behind her, saying, "You had better sit down; I, am sure you must be tired with standing so long."

"No; really, Emma," cried major Douglas, "you go too far there; though to be sure, if by seeing and conversing with miss Mowbray you could have convinced her of her errors, I should not have objected to your seeing her once more or so."

"Surely," said Mrs. Douglas timidly, "we ought, my love, to have repeated our visits till we had made a convert of her."

"A *convert* of her!" exclaimed Mr. Maynard's sisters, "a convert of a kept mistress!"

mistress!" bursting into a violent laugh, which had a most painful effect on the irritable nerves of colonel Mordaunt, whose tongue, parched with emotion, cleaved to the roof of his mouth whenever he attempted to speak.

"Pray, to what other circumstance, yet untold, do you allude?" said Mr. Davenport.

"Oh, we too had a rencontre with the philosopher and his charming friend," said major Douglas, "and—but, Emma, do you tell the story.—'Sdeath!—Poor fellow!—Well, but we parted good friends," added the kind-hearted Caledonian, dispersing a tear; while Emma, in simple but impressive language, related all that passed at Perpignan between themselves, Adeline, and Glenmurray; and concluded with saying, that, "from the almost idolatrous respect with which Glenmurray spoke and apparently thought of Adeline,
and

and from the account of her conduct and its motives, which he so fully detailed, she was convinced that, so far from being influenced by depravity in connecting herself with Glenmurray, Adeline was the victim of a romantic, absurd, and false conception of virtue; and she should have thought it her duty to have endeavoured, assisted by her sister, to have prevailed on her to renounce her opinions, and, by becoming the wife of Glenmurray, to restore to the society of her own sex, a woman formed to be its ornament and its example. Poor thing!" she added in a faltering voice, "would that I knew her fate!"

"I can guess it, I tell you," said Mrs. Wallington.

"We had better drop the subject, madam," replied Emma Douglas indignantly, "as it is one that we shall never agree upon. If I supposed miss Mowbray happy, I should

I should feel for her, and feel interest sufficient in her fate to make me combat your prejudices concerning her; but now that she is perhaps afflicted, poor, friendless, and scorned, though unjustly, by every 'virtuous she that knows her story,' I cannot command my feelings when she is named with sarcastic disrespect, nor can I bear to hear an unhappy woman supposed to be plunged in the lowest depths of vice, whom I, on the contrary, believe to be at this moment atoning for the error of her judgment by a life of lonely penitence, or sunk perhaps already in the grave, the victim of a broken heart."

Colonel Mordaunt, affected and delighted, hung on Emma Douglas's words with breathless attention, resolving when she had ended her narration to begin his, and clear Adeline from the calumnies of Mrs. Wallington and Miss Maynard :

but

but after articulating with some difficulty—
 “Ladies,—I—miss Douglas,—I—” he found that his feelings would not allow him to proceed: therefore, suddenly raising Emma’s hand to his lips, he imprinted on it a kiss, at once fervent and respectful, and, making a hasty bow, ran out of the house.

Every one was astonished; but none so much as Emma Douglas.

“Why, Emma!” cried the major, “who should have thought it? I verily believe you have turned Mordaunt’s head;—I protest that he kissed your hand:—I suppose he will be here tomorrow, making proposals in form.”

“I wish he may!” exclaimed Mrs. Douglas.

“It is not very likely, I think,” cried miss Maynard.

Mrs. Wallington said nothing; but she fanned herself violently.

“How

“How do you know that?” said Maynard.. “He kissed your hand very tenderly—did he not, miss Douglas? and took advantage of the dark hour: that looks very lover-like.”

Emma Douglas, who, in spite of her reason, was both embarrassed and flattered by colonel Mordaunt’s unexpected mode of taking leave, said not a word; but Mrs. Wallington, in a voice hoarse with angry emotion, cried:

“It was very free in him, I think, and very unlike colonel Mordaunt; for he was not a sort of man to take liberties but where he met with encouragement.”

“Then I am sure he would be free with *you*, sister, sometimes,” sarcastically observed miss Maynard.

“Nay, with both of you, I think,” replied Maynard, who had not forgiven the laugh at his expense which they had tried to excite; on which an angry dialogue took

took place between the brother and sisters : and the Douglasses, disgusted and provoked, retired to their apartment.

“There was something very strange and uncommon,” said Mrs. Douglas, detaining Emma in her dressing-room, “in colonel Mordaunt’s behaviour—Do you not think so, Emma?—If it should have any meaning!”

“Meaning!” cried the major: “what meaning should it have? Why, my dear, do you think Mordaunt never kissed a woman’s hand before?”

“But it was so *particular*.—Well, Emma, if it should lead to consequences!”

“Consequences!” cried the major: “my dear girl, what can you mean?”

“Why, if he should *really* love our Emma?”

“Why then I hope our Emma will love him.—What say you, Emma?”

“I say?—I—” she replied: “really I

never thought it possible that colonel Mordaunt should have any thoughts of me, nor do I now ;—but it is very strange that he should kiss my hand !”

The colonel could not help laughing at the *naïveté* of this reply, and in a mutual whisper they agreed how much they wished to see their sister so happily disposed of ; while Emma paced up and down her own apartment some time before she undressed herself ; and after seeming to convince herself, by recollecting all colonel Mordaunt’s conduct towards her, that he could not possibly *mean* anything by his unusual adieu, she went to sleep, exclaiming, “But it is very strange that he should kiss my hand !”

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning explained the mystery : for breakfast was scarcely over, when colonel Mordaunt appeared ; and his presence occasioned a blush, from different causes, on the cheeks of all the ladies, and a smile on the countenances of both the gentlemen.

“ You left us very abruptly last night,” said major Douglas.

“ I did so,” replied Mordaunt with a sort of grave smile.

“ Were you taken ill ?” asked Maynard.

“ I—I was not quite easy,” answered he : “ but, miss Douglas, may I request the honour of seeing you alone for a few minutes ?”

Again the ladies blushed, and the gentlemen

tllemen smiled. But Emma's weakness had been temporary ; she had convinced herself that colonel Mordaunt's action had been nothing more than a tribute to what he fancied her generous defence of an unfortunate woman ; and with an air of unembarrassed dignity she gave him her hand to lead her into an adjoining apartment.

“ This is very good of you,” cried colonel Mordaunt: “ but you are all goodness!—My dear miss Douglas, had I not gone away as I did last night, I believe I should have fallen down and worshipped you, or committed some other extravagance.”

“ Indeed!—What could I say to excite such enthusiasm?” replied Emma, deeply blushing.

“ What!—Oh, miss Douglas!”—Then after a few more ohs, and other exclamations, he related to her the whole progress

of his acquaintance with and attachment to Adeline, adding as he concluded, "Now then judge what feelings you must have excited in my bosom :—yes, miss Douglas, I revered you before for your own sake, I now adore you for that of my lost Adeline."

"So!" thought Emma, "the kiss of the hand is explained,"—and she sighed as she thought it; nor did she much like the word *reverenced*: but she had ample amends for her mortification by what followed.

"Really," cried colonel Mordaunt, gazing very earnestly at her, "I do not mean to flatter you, but there is something in your countenance that reminds me very strongly of Adeline."

"Is it possible?" said Emma, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling as she spoke: "you may not mean to flatter me, but I assure you I am flattered; for I
never

never saw any woman whom in appearance I so much wished to resemble."

"You do resemble her indeed," cried colonel Mordaunt, "and the likeness grows stronger and stronger."

Emma blushed deeper and deeper.

"But come," exclaimed he, "let us go; and I will—no, *you* shall—relate to the party in the next room what I have been telling you, for I long to shame those d—"

"Fye!" said Emma smiling, and holding up her hand as if to stop the coming word. And she did stop it; for colonel Mordaunt conveyed the reproving hand to his lips; and Emma said to herself, as she half-frowning withdrew it, "I am glad my brother was not present."

Their return to the breakfast-room was welcome to every one, from different causes, as colonel Mordaunt's motives for requesting a tête-à-tête had given rise to various conjectures. But all conjecture was soon
lost

lost in certainty : for Emma Douglas, with more than usual animation of voice and countenance, related what colonel Mordaunt had authorised her to relate ; and the envious sisters heard, with increased resentment, that Adeline, were she unmarried, would be the choice of the man whose affections they were eagerly endeavouring to captivate.

“ You can’t think,” said colonel Mordaunt when Emma had concluded, leaving him charmed with the manner in which she had told his story, and with the generous triumph which sparkled in her eyes at being able to exhibit Adeline’s character in so favourable a point of view, “ you can’t think how much miss Douglas reminds me of Mrs. Berrendale !”

“ Lord !” said miss Maynard with a toss of the head, “ my brother told us that she was handsome !”

“ And so she is,” replied the colonel,
provoked

provoked at this brutal speech: "she has one of the finest countenances that I ever saw,—a countenance never distorted by those feelings of envy, and expressions of spite, which so often disfigure some women,—converting even a beauty into a fiend; and in this respect no one will doubt that miss Douglas resembles her :

' What's female beauty—but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine ?'

says one of our first poets : therefore, in Dr. Young's opinion, madam," continued Mordaunt, turning to Emma, "you would have been a perfect beauty."

This speech, so truly gratifying to the amiable girl to whom it was addressed, was a dagger in the heart of both the sisters. Nor was Emma's pleasure unalloyed by pain; for she feared that Mordaunt's attentions might become dangerous to her peace of mind, as she could not
disguise

disguise to herself, that his visits at Mr. Maynard's had been the chief cause of her reluctance to return to Scotland whenever their journey home was mentioned. For, always humble in her ideas of her own charms, Emma Douglas could not believe that Mordaunt would ever entertain any feeling for her at all resembling love, except when he fancied that she looked like Adeline.

But however unlikely it seemed that Mordaunt should become attached to her, and however resolved she was to avoid his society, certain it is that he soon found he could be happy in the society of no other woman, since to no other could he talk on the subject nearest his heart ; and Emma, though blaming herself daily for her temerity, could not refuse to receive Mordaunt's visits : and her patient attentions to his conversation, of which Adeline was commonly the theme, seemed to
have

have a salutary effect on his wounded feelings.

But the time for their departure arrived, much to the joy of Mrs. Wallington and her sister, who hoped when Emma was gone to have a chance of being noticed by Mordaunt.

What then must have been their confusion and disappointment, when colonel Mordaunt begged to be allowed to attend the Douglasses on their journey home, as he had never seen the Highlands, and wished to see them in such good company ! Major Douglas and his charming wife gave a glad consent to this proposal : but Emma Douglas heard it with more alarm than pleasure ; for, though her heart rejoiced at it, her reason condemned it.

A few days, however, convinced her apprehensive delicacy, that, if she loved colonel Mordaunt, it was not without hope of a return.

Colonel

Colonel Mordaunt declared that every day seemed to increase her resemblance to Adeline in expression and manner ; and in conduct his reason told him that she was her superior ; nor could he for a moment hesitate to prefer as a wife, Emma Douglas who had never erred, to Adeline who had.

Colonel Mordaunt felt, to borrow the words of a celebrated female writer *, that “ though it is possible to love and esteem a woman who has expiated the faults of her youth by a sincere repentance ; and though before God and man her errors may be obliterated ; still there exists one being in whose eyes she can never hope to efface them, and that is her lover or her husband.” He felt that no man of acute sensibility can be happy with a woman whose recollections are not pure : she

* Madame de Stael, *Recueil de Morceaux détachés*, page 208.

must necessarily be jealous of the opinion which he entertains of her ; and he must be often afraid of speaking, lest he utter a sentiment that may wound and mortify her. Besides, he was, on just grounds, more desirous of marrying a woman whom he “ admired, than one whom he forgave ;” and therefore, while he addressed Emma, he no longer regretted Adeline.

In short, he at length ceased to talk of Emma’s resemblance to Adeline, but seemed to admire her wholly for her own sake ; and having avowed his passion, and been assured of Emma’s in return, by major Douglas, he came back to England in the ensuing autumn, the happy husband of one of the best of women.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left Adeline preparing to address Mrs. Mowbray and recommend her child to her protection :—but being deeply impressed with the importance of the task which she was about to undertake, she timidly put it off from day to day ; and having convinced herself that it was her duty to endeavour to excite her husband to repentance, and make him acknowledge Editha as his legitimate child, she determined to write to him before she addressed her mother, and also to bid a last farewell to colonel Mordaunt, whose respectful attachment had soothed some of the pangs which consciousness of her past follies had inflicted, and whose active friendship deserved her warmest acknowledgments.—

Little

Little did she think the fatal effect which one instance of his friendly zeal in her cause had had on Berrendale ; unconscious was she that the husband, whose neglect she believed to be intentional, great as were his crimes against her, was not guilty of the additional crime of suffering her to pine in poverty without making a single inquiry concerning her, but was convinced that both she and her child were no longer in existence.

In her letter to him, she conjured him by the love which he *always* bore Glenmurray, by the love he *once* bore her, and by the remorse which he would sooner or later feel for his conduct towards her and her child, to acknowledge Editha to be his lawful heir, but to suffer her to remain under that protection to which she meant to bequeath her ; and on these conditions she left him her blessing, and her pardon.

The letter to colonel Mordaunt was long, and perhaps diffuse : but Adeline was jealous of his esteem, though regardless of his love ; and as he had known her while acting under the influence of a fatal error of opinion, she wished to show him that on conviction she had abandoned her former way of thinking, and was candid enough to own that she had been wrong.

“ You, no doubt,” she said, “ are well acquainted with the arguments urged by different writers in favour of marriage. I shall therefore only mention the argument which carried at length full conviction to *my* mind, and conquered even my deep and heartfelt reverence for the opinions of one who long was, and ever will be, the dearest object of my love and regret. But *he*, had he lived, would I am sure have altered his sentiments ; and had he been a parent, the argument I allude to, as it is founded on a consideration of
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the interest of children, would have found its way to his reason, through his affections.

“ It is evident that on the education given to children must depend the welfare of the community ; and, consequently, that whatever is likely to induce parents to neglect the education of their children must be *hurtful* to the welfare of the community. It is also certain, that though the agency of the *passions* be necessary to the existence of all society, it is on the cultivation and influence of the *affections* that the happiness and improvement of social life depend.

“ Hence it follows that marriage must be more beneficial to society in its consequences, than connections capable of being dissolved at pleasure ; because it has a tendency to call forth and exercise the affections, and control the passions.—It has been said, that, were we free to dissolve

solve at will a connection formed by love, we should not wish to do it, as constancy is natural to us, and there is in all of us a tendency to form an exclusive attachment. But though I believe, from my own experience, that the few are capable of unforced constancy, and could love for life one dear and honoured object, still I believe that the many are given to the love of change ;—that, in men especially, a new object can excite new passion ; and, judging from the increasing depravity of both sexes, in spite of existing laws, and in defiance of shame,—I am convinced, that if the ties of marriage were dissolved, or it were no longer to be judged infamous to act in contempt of them, unbridled licentiousness would soon be in general practice.—What then, in such a state of society, would be the fate of the children born in it ?—What would their education be ?—Parents continually engrossed

grossed in the enervating but delightful egotism of a new and happy love, lost in selfish indulgence, the passions awake, but the affections slumbering, and the sacred ties of parental feeling not having time nor opportunity to fasten on the heart,—their offspring would either die the victims of neglect, and the very existence of the human race be threatened; or, without morals or instruction, they would grow up to scourge the world by their vices, till the whole fabric of civilized society was gradually destroyed.

“On this ground, therefore, this strong ground, I venture to build my present opinion, that marriage is a wise and ought to be a sacred institution; and I bitterly regret the hour when, with the hasty and immature judgment of eighteen, and with a degree of presumption scarcely pardonable at any time of life, I dared to think and act contrary to this opinion and the

reverend experience of ages, and became in the eyes of the world an example of vice, when I believed myself the champion of virtue."

She then went on to express the following sentiments. "You will think, perhaps, that I ought to struggle against the weakness which is hurrying me to the grave, and live for the sake of my child.—Alas! it is for her sake that I most wish to die.

"There are two ways in which a mother can be of use to her daughter: the one is by instilling into her mind virtuous principles, and by setting her a virtuous example: the other is, by being to her in her own person an awful warning,—a melancholy proof of the dangers which attend a deviation from the path of virtue. But, oh! how jealous must a mother be of her child's esteem and veneration! and how could she bear to humble herself in
the

the eyes of the beloved object, by avowing that she had committed crimes against society, however atoned for by penitence and sorrow ! I can never, now, be a correct example for my Editha, nor could I endure to live to be a warning to her.— Nay, if I lived, I should be most probably a dangerous example to her ; for I should be (on my death-bed I think I may be allowed the boast) respected and esteemed ; while the society around me would forget my past errors, in the sincerity of my repentance.

“ If then a strong temptation should assail my child, might she not yield to it from an idea that “ one false step may be retrieved,” and cite her mother as an example of this truth ? while, unconscious of the many secret heart-aches of that repentant mother, unconscious of the sorrows and degradations she had experienced, she regarded nothing but the present

respectability of her mother's life, and contented herself with hoping one day to resemble her.

“ Believe me, that were it possible for me to choose between life and death, for my child's sake, the choice would be the latter. Now, when she shall see in my mournful and eventful history, written as it has been by me in moments of melancholy leisure, that all my sorrows were consequent on one presumptuous error of judgment in early youth, and shall see a long and minute detail of the secret agonies which I have endured,—those agonies wearing away my existence, and ultimately hurrying me to an untimely grave; she will learn that the woman who feels justly, yet has been led even into the practice of vice, however she may be forgiven by others, can never forgive herself; and though she may dare to lift an eye of hope to that Being who promises pardon on repentance,

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she

she will still recollect with anguish the fair and glorious course which she might have run ; and that, instead of humbly imploring forbearance and forgiveness, she might have demanded universal respect and esteem.

“ True it is, that I did not act in defiance of the world’s opinion, from any depraved feelings, or vicious inclinations : but the world could not be expected to believe this, since motives are known only to our own hearts, and the great Searcher of hearts : therefore, as far as example goes, I was as great a stumbling block to others as if the life I led had been owing to the influence of lawless desires ; and society was right in making, and in seeing, no distinction between me and any other woman living in an unsanctioned connection.

“ But methinks I hear you say, that Editha might never be informed of my past errors. Alas ! wretched must that woman be
 whose

whose happiness and respectability depend on the secrecy of others! Besides, did I not think the concealment of crime in itself a crime, how could I know an hour of peace while I reflected that a moment's malice, or inadvertency, in one of Editha's companions might cause her to blush at her mother's disgrace?—that, while her young cheek was flushed perhaps with the artless triumphs of beauty, talent, and virtue, the parent who envied me, or the daughter who envied her, might suddenly convert her joy into anguish and mortification, by artfully informing her, with feigned pity for my sorrows and admiration of my penitence, that I had once been a *disgrace* to that family of which I was now the pride?—No—even if I were not for ever separated in this world from the only man whom I ever loved with passionate and well-founded affection, united for life to the object of my just aversion,

aversion, and were I not conscious (horrible and overwhelming thought!) of having by my example led another into the path of sin,—still, I repeat it, for my child's sake I should wish to die, and should consider, not early death, but lengthened existence, as a curse."

So Adeline reasoned and felt in her moments of reflection: but the heart had sometimes dominion over her; and as she gazed on Editha, and thought that Mrs. Mowbray might be induced to receive her again to her favour, she wished even on any terms to have her life prolonged.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING finished her letter to colonel Mordaunt and Berrendale, she again prepared to write to her mother ; a few transient fears overcoming every now and then those hopes of success in her application, which, till she took up her pen, she had so warmly encouraged.

Alas ! little did she know how erroneously for years she had judged of Mrs. Mowbray. Little did she suspect that her mother had long forgiven her ; had pined after her ; had sought, though in vain, to procure intelligence of her, and was then wearing away her existence in solitary woe, a prey to self-reproach, and to the corroding fear that her daughter, made desperate by her renunciation
of

of her, had, on the death of Glenmurray, plunged into a life of shame, or sunk, broken-hearted, into the grave! for not one of Adeline's letters had ever reached Mrs. Mowbray; and the mother and the daughter had both been the victims of female treachery and jealousy.

Mrs. Mowbray, as soon as she had parted with Adeline for the last time, had dismissed all her old servants, the witnesses of her sorrows and disgrace, and retired to her estate in Cumberland,—an estate where Adeline had first seen the light, and where Mrs. Mowbray had first experienced the transports of a mother. This spot was therefore ill calculated to banish Adeline from her mother's thoughts, and to continue her exclusion from her affections. On the contrary, her image haunted Mrs. Mowbray:—whithersoever she went, she still saw her in an attitude
of

of supplication ; she still heard the plaintive accents of her voice ;—and often did she exclaim, “ My child, my child ! wretch that I am ! must I never, never see thee more ! ”

These ideas increased to so painful a degree, that, finding her solitude insupportable, she invited an orphan relation in narrow circumstances to take up her abode with her.

This young woman, whose ruling passion was avarice, and whose greatest talent was cunning, resolved to spare no pains to keep the situation which she had gained, even to the exclusion of Adeline, should Mrs. Mowbray be weak enough to receive her again. She therefore intercepted all the letters which were in or like Adeline’s hand-writing ; and having learnt to imitate Mrs. Mowbray’s, she enclosed them in a blank cover to Adeline ;

line ; who, thinking the direction was written in her mother's hand, desisted, as the artful girl expected she would do, from what appeared to her a hopeless application.

And she exulted in her contrivance ;—when Mrs. Mowbray, on seeing in a magazine that Glenmurray was dead, (full a year after his decease,) bursting into a passion of tears, protested that she would instantly invite Adeline to her house.

“ Yes,” cried she, “ I can do so without infringement of my oath.—She is disgraced in the eye of the world by her connection with Glenmurray, and she is wretched in love ; nay, more so, perhaps, than I have been ; and I can, I will invite her to lose the remembrance of her misfortunes in my love !”

Thus did her ardent wish to be reunited to Adeline deceive her conscience ; for, by the phrase “ wretched in love,”
she

she meant, forsaken by the object of her attachment,—and that Adeline had not been : therefore her oath remained in full force against her. But where could she seek Adeline ?—Dr. Norberry could, perhaps, give her this information ; and to him she resolved to write—though he had cast her from his acquaintance : “but her pride,” as she said, “fell with her fortunes ;” and she scrupled not to humble herself before the zealous friend of her daughter. But this letter would never have reached him, had not her treacherous relation been ill at the time when it was written.

Dr. Norberry had recovered the illness of which Adeline supposed him to have died : but as her letter to him, to which she received no answer, alluded to the money transaction between her and Mrs. Norberry ; and as she commented on the insulting expressions in Mrs. Norberry’s note,

that

that lady thought proper to suppress the second letter as well as the first; and when the doctor, on his recovery, earnestly demanded to know whether any intelligence had been received of miss Mowbray, Mrs. Norberry, with pretended reluctance, told him that she had written to him in great distress, while he was delirious, to borrow money; that she had sent her *ten pounds*, which Adeline had returned, reproaching her for her parsimony, and saying that she had found a friend who would not suffer her to want.

“But did you tell her that you thought me in great danger?”

“I did.”

“Why, zounds, woman! did she not, after that, write to know how I was?”

“Never.”

“Devil take me if I could have thought it of her!” answered the doctor—who could not but believe this stor, for the sake of
his

his own peace, as it was less destructive to his happiness to think Adeline in fault, than his wife or children guilty of profligate falsehood he therefore, with a deep sigh, begged Adeline's name might never be mentioned to him again; and though he secretly wished to hear of her welfare, he no longer made her the subject of conversation.

But Mrs. Mowbray's letter recalled her powerfully both to his memory and affections, while, with many a deep-drawn sigh, he regretted that he had no possible means of discovering where she was;—and with a heavy heart he wrote the following letter, which miss Woodville, Mrs. Mowbray's relation, having first contrived to open, and read it, ventured to give into her hands, as it contained no satisfactory information concerning Adeline.

“I look on the separation of my mother and me in this world to be eternal,”

said the poor dear lost Adeline to me, the last time we met. “ You do ! ” replied I : “ then, poor devil ! how miserable will your mother be when her present resentment subsides !—Well, when that time comes, I may perhaps see her again,” added I, with a d——d queer something rising in my throat as I said it, and your poor girl blessed me for the kind intention.—(Pshaw ! I have blotted the paper : at my years it is a shame to be so watery-eyed.) Well,—the time above mentioned is come—you are miserable, you are repentant—and you ask me to forget and forgive.—I do forget, I do forgive : some time or other, too, I will tell you so in person ; and were the lost Adeline to know that I did so, she would bless me for the act, as she did before for the intention. But, alas ! where she is, what she is, I know not, and have not any means of knowing,

knowing. To say the truth, her conduct to me and mine has been devilish *odd*, not to say *wrong*. But, poor thing! she is either dead or miserable, and I forgive her:—so I do you, as I said before, and the Lord give you all the consolation which you so greatly need!

Yours once more,
In true kindness of spirit,

JAMES NORBERRY."

This letter made Mrs. Mowbray's wounds bleed afresh, at the same time that it destroyed all her expectations of finding Adeline; and the only hope that remained to cheer her was, that she might perhaps, if yet alive, write sooner or later, to implore forgiveness. But month after month elapsed, and no tidings of Adeline reached her despairing mother.

She then put an advertisement in the paper, so worded that Adeline, had she
seen

seen it, must have known to whom it alluded ; but it never met her eyes, and Mrs. Mowbray gave herself up to almost absolute despair ; when accident introduced her to a new acquaintance, whose example taught her patience, and whose soothing benevolence bade her hope for happier days.

One day as Mrs. Mowbray, regardless of a heavy shower, and lost in melancholy reflections, was walking with irregular steps on the road to Penrith, with an unopened umbrella in her hand, she suddenly raised her eyes from the ground, and beheld a quaker-lady pursued by an over-driven bullock, and unable any longer to make an effort to escape its fury. At this critical moment Mrs. Mowbray, from a sort of irresistible impulse, as fortunate in its effects as presence of mind, yet scarcely perhaps to be denominated such, suddenly opened her umbrella ; and, ap-

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proaching the animal, brandished it before his eyes. Alarmed at this unusual appearance, he turned hastily and ran towards the town, where she saw that he was immediately met and secured.

"Thou hast doubtless saved my life," said the quaker, grasping Mrs. Mowbray's hand, with an emotion which she vainly tried to suppress; "and I pray God to bless thine!"

Mrs. Mowbray returned the pressure of her hand, and burst into tears; overcome with joy for having saved a fellow-creature's life; with terror, which she was now at leisure to feel for the danger to which she had herself been exposed; and with mournful emotion from the consciousness how much she needed the blessing which the grateful quaker invoked on her head.

"Thou tremblest even more than I do," observed the lady, smiling, but seeming ready to faint; "I believe we had better,

better, both of us, sit down on the bank : but it is so wet that perhaps we had better endeavour to reach my house, which is only at the end of yon field." Mrs. Mowbray bowed her assent ; and, supporting each other, they at length arrived at a neat white house, to which the quaker cordially bade her welcome.

"It was but this morning," said Mrs. Mowbray, struggling for utterance, "that I called upon Death to relieve me from an existence at once wretched and useless."—Here she paused :—and her new acquaintance, cordially pressing her hand, waited for the conclusion of her speech ;—"but now," continued Mrs. Mowbray, "I revoke, and repent my idle and vicious impatience of life. I have saved your life, and something like enjoyment now seems to enliven mine."

"I suspect," replied the lady, "that thou hast known deep affliction ; and I

rejoice that at this moment, and in so providential a manner, I have been introduced to thy acquaintance :—for I too have known sorrow, and the mourner knows how to speak comfort to the heart of the mourner. My name is Rachel Pemberton ; and I hope that when I know thy name, and thy story, thou wilt allow me to devote to thy comfort some hours of the existence which thou hast preserved.”

She then hastily withdrew, to pour forth in solitary prayer the breathings of devout gratitude :—while Mrs. Mowbray, having communed with her own thoughts, felt a glow of unwonted satisfaction steal over her mind ; and by the time Mrs. Pemberton returned, she was able to meet her with calmness and cheerfulness.

“ Thou knowest my name,” said Mrs. Pemberton as she entered, seating herself by Mrs. Mowbray, “ but I have yet to learn thine.”

“ My

“My name is Mowbray,” she replied, sighing deeply.

“Mowbray!—The lady of Rosevalley in Gloucestershire; and the mother of Adeline Mowbray?” exclaimed Mrs. Pemberton.

“What of Adeline Mowbray? What of my child?” cried Mrs Mowbray, seizing Mrs. Pemberton’s hand. “Blessed woman! tell me,—Do you indeed know her?—can you tell me where to find her?”

“I will tell thee all that I know of her,” replied Mrs. Pemberton in a faltering voice; “but thy emotion overpowers me.—I—I was once a mother, and I can feel for thee.” She then turned away her head to conceal a starting tear; while Mrs. Mowbray, in incoherent eagerness, repeated her questions, and tremblingly awaited her answer.

“Is she well? Is she happy?—say but that!”

that!" she exclaimed, sobbing as she spoke.

"She was well and contented when I last heard from her," replied Mrs. Pemberton calmly.

"Heard from her?" Then she writes to you! Oh, blessed, blessed woman! show me her letters, and tell me only that she has forgiven me for all my unkindness to her—" As she said this, Mrs. Mowbray threw her arms round Mrs. Pemberton, and sunk half-fainting on her shoulder.

"I will tell thee all that has ever passed between us, if thou wilt be composed," gravely answered Mrs. Pemberton; "but this violent expression of thy feelings is unseemly and detrimental."

"Well—well—I will be calm," said Mrs. Mowbray; and Mrs. Pemberton began to relate the interview which she had with Adeline at Richmond.

"How

“How long ago did this take place?” eagerly interrupted Mrs. Mowbray.

“Full six years.”

“Oh, God!” exclaimed she, impatiently,—“Six years! By this time then she may be dead—she may——”

“Thou art incorrigible, I fear,” said Mrs. Pemberton, “but thou art afflicted, and I will bear with thy impatience:—sit down again and attend to me, and thou wilt hear much later intelligence of thy daughter.”

“How late?” asked Mrs. Mowbray, with frantic eagerness;—and Mrs. Pemberton, overcome with the manner in which she spoke, could scarcely falter out, “Within a twelvemonth I have heard of her.”

“Within a twelvemonth!” joyfully cried Mrs. Mowbray: but, recollecting herself, she added mournfully—“but in
that

that time what—what may not have happened !”

“ I know not what to do with thee nor for thee,” observed Mrs. Pemberton ; “ but do try, I beseech thee, to hear me patiently !”

Mrs. Mowbray then re-seated herself ; and Mrs. Pemberton informed her of Adeline’s premature confinement at Richmond ; of her distress on Glenmurray’s death, and of her having witnessed it.

“ Ah ! you acted a mother’s part—you did what I ought to have done,” cried Mrs. Mowbray, bursting into tears,—“ but, go on—I will be patient.”

Yet that was impossible ; for, when she heard of Adeline’s insanity, her emotions became so strong that Mrs. Pemberton, alarmed for her life, was obliged to ring for assistance.

When she recovered,—“ Thou hast
heard

heard the worst now," said Mrs. Pemberton, "and all I have yet to say of thy child is satisfactory."

She then related the contents of Adeline's first letter, informing her of her marriage:—and Mrs. Mowbray, clasping her hands together, blessed God that Adeline was become a wife. The next letter Mrs. Pemberton read informed her that she was the mother of a fine girl.

"A mother!" she exclaimed, "Oh, how I should like to see her child!"—But at the same moment she recollected how bitterly she had reviled her when she saw her about to become a mother, at their last meeting; and, torn with conflicting emotions, she was again insensible to aught but her self-upbraidings.

"Well, but where is she now? where is the child? and when did you hear from her last?" cried she.

"I

"I have not heard from her since," hesitatingly replied Mrs. Pemberton.

"But can't you write to her?"

"Yes;—but in her last letter she said she was going to change her lodgings, and would write again when settled in a new habitation."

Again Mrs. Mowbray paced the room in wild and violent distress: but her sorrows at length yielded to the gentle admonitions and soothings of Mrs. Pemberton, who bade her remember, that when she rose in the morning she had not expected the happiness and consolation which she had met with that day; and that a short time might bring forth still greater comfort.

"For," said Mrs. Pemberton, "I can write to the house where she formerly lodged, and perhaps the person who keeps it can give us intelligence of her."

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On hearing this, Mrs. Mowbray became more composed, and diverted her sorrow by a thousand fond inquiries concerning Adeline, which none but a mother could make, and none but a mother listen to with patience.

While this conversation was going on, a knock at the door was heard, and miss Woodville entered the room in great emotion ; for she had heard, on the road, that a mad bullock had attacked a lady ; and also that Mrs. Mowbray, scarcely able to walk, had been led into the white house in the field by the road side.

Miss Woodville was certainly as much alarmed as she pretended to be : but there was a somewhat in the expression of her alarm which, though it gratified Mrs. Mowbray, was displeasing to the more penetrating Mrs. Pemberton. She could not indeed guess that miss Woodville's alarm sprung merely from apprehension

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lest Mrs. Mowbray should die before she had provided for her in her will : yet, notwithstanding, she felt that her expressions of concern and anxiety had no resemblance to those of real affection ; and in spite of her habitual candour, she beheld miss Woodville with distrust.

But this feeling was considerably increased on observing, that when Mrs. Mowbray exultingly introduced her, not only as the lady whose life she had been the means of preserving, but as the friend and correspondent of her daughter, she evidently changed colour ; and, in spite of her habitual plausibility, could not utter a single coherent sentence of pleasure or congratulation :—and it was also evident, that, being conscious of Mrs. Pemberton's regarding her with a scrutinizing eye, she was not easy till, on pretence of Mrs. Mowbray's requiring rest after her alarm, she had prevailed on her to return home.

But

But she could not prevent the new friends from parting with eager assurances of meeting again and again : and it was agreed between them, that Mrs. Pemberton should spend the next day at the Lawn.

Mrs. Pemberton, who is thus again introduced to the notice of my readers, had been, as well as Mrs. Mowbray, the pupil of adversity. She had been born and educated in fashionable life ; and she united to a very lovely face and elegant form, every feminine grace and accomplishment.

When she was only eighteen, Mr. Pemberton, a young and gay quaker, fell in love with her ; and having inspired her with a mutual passion, he married her, notwithstanding the difference of their religious opinions, and the displeasure of his friends. He was consequently disowned by the society : but being weaned by the happiness which he found at home from those public

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lic amusements which had first lured him from the strict habits of his sect, he was soon desirous of being again admitted a member of it ; and in process of time he was once more received into it ; while his amiable wife, having no wish beyond her domestic circle, and being disposed to think her husband's opinions right, became in time, a convert to the same profession of faith, and exhibited in her manners the rare union of the easy elegance of a woman of the world with the rigid decorum and unadorned dress of a strict quaker.

But in the midst of her happiness, and whilst looking forward to a long continuance of it, a fever, caught in visiting the sick bed of a cottager, carried off her husband, and next two lovely children ; and Mrs. Pemberton would have sunk under the stroke, but for the watchful care and affectionate attentions of the friend

friend of her youth, who resided near her, and who, in time, prevailed on her to receive with becoming fortitude and resignation the trials which she was appointed to undergo.

During this season of affliction, as we have before stated, she became a teacher in the quaker's society : but at the time of her meeting Adeline at Richmond, she had been called from the duties of her public profession to watch over the declining health of her friend and consoler, and to accompany her to Lisbon.

There, during four long years, she bent over her sick couch, now elated with hope, and now sunk into despondence ; when, at the beginning of the fifth year, her friend died in her arms, and she returned to England, resolved to pass her days, except when engaged in the active duties of her profession, on a little estate in Cumberland, bequeathed to her by her
friend

friend on her death-bed. But ill health and various events had detained her in the west of England since her return; and she had not long taken possession of her house near Penrith, when she became introduced in so singular a manner to Mrs. Mowbray's acquaintance—an acquaintance which would, she hoped, prove of essential service to them both; and as soon as her guest departed, Mrs. Pemberton resolved to inquire what character Mrs. Mowbray bore in the neighbourhood, and whether her virtues at all kept pace with her misfortunes.

Her inquiries were answered in the most satisfactory manner; as, fortunately for Mrs. Mowbray, with the remembrance of her daughter had recurred to her that daughter's benevolent example. She remembered the satisfaction which used to beam from Adeline's countenance when she returned from her visits to the sick

and the afflicted ; and she resolved to try whether those habits of charitable exertion which could increase the happiness of the young and light-hearted Adeline, might not have power to alleviate the sorrows of her own drooping age, and broken joyless heart.

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity ! ” — She who, while the child of prosperity, was a romantic, indolent theorist, an inactive speculator, a proud contemner of the dictates of sober experience, and a neglecter of that practical benevolence which can in days produce more benefit to others than theories and theorists can accomplish in years—this erring woman, awakened from her dreams and reveries to habits of useful exertion by the stimulating touch of affliction, was become the visitor of the sick, the consoler of the sorrowful, the parent of the fatherless, while virtuous industry looked up to her

with hope ; and her name, like that of Adeline in happier days, was pronounced with prayers and blessings.

But, alas ! she felt that blessing could reach her only in the shape of her lost child : and, though she was conscious of being useful to others, though she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had but the day before been the means of preserving a valuable life, she met Mrs. Pemberton, when she arrived at the Lawn, with a countenance of fixed melancholy, and was at first disposed to expect but little success from the project of writing to Adeline's former lodgings in order to inquire.

The truth was, that miss Woodville had artfully insinuated the improbability of such an inquiry's succeeding ; and, though Mrs. Mowbray had angrily asserted her hopes when miss Woodville provokingly asserted her *fears*, the treacherous

cherous girl's insinuations had sunk deeply into her mind, and Mrs. Pemberton saw, with pain and wonder, an effect produced of which the cause was wholly unseen. But she at length succeeded in awakening Mrs. Mowbray's hopes; and in a letter written by Mrs. Pemberton to the mistress of the house whence Adeline formerly dated, she inclosed one to her daughter glowing with maternal tenderness, and calculated to speak peace to her sorrows.

These letters were sent, as soon as written, to the post by Mrs. Mowbray's footman; but miss Woodville contrived to meet him near the post-office, and telling him she would put the letter in the receiver, she gave him a commission to call at a shop in Penrith for her, at which she had not time to call herself.

Thus was another scheme for restoring

Adeline to her afflicted mother frustrated by the treachery of this interested woman; who, while Mrs. Pemberton and Mrs. Mowbray looked anxiously forward to the receipt of an answer from London, triumphed with malignant pleasure in the success of her artifice.—But, spite of herself, she feared Mrs. Pemberton, and was not at all pleased to find that, till the answer from London could arrive, that lady was to remain at the Lawn.

She contrived, however, to be as little in her presence as possible; for, contrary to Mrs. Pemberton's usual habits, she felt a distrust of miss Woodville, which her intelligent eye could not help expressing, and which consequently alarmed the conscious heart of the culprit. Being left therefore, by miss Woodville's fears, alone with Mrs. Mowbray, she drew from her, at different times, ample details of
Adeline's

Adeline's childhood; and the method which Mrs. Mowbray had pursued in her education.

“ Ah! 'tis as I suspected,” interrupted Mrs. Pemberton during one of these conversations. “ Thy daughters *faults* originated in thee! her education was cruelly defective.”

“ No!” replied Mrs. Mowbray with almost angry eagerness, “ whatever my errors as a mother have been, and for the rash marriage which I made I own myself culpable in the highest degree, I am sure that I paid the greatest attention to my daughter's education. If you were but to see the voluminous manuscript on the subject, which I wrote for her improvement——”

“ But where was thy daughter; and how was she employed during the time that thou wert writing a book by which to educate her?”

Mrs.

Mrs. Mowbray was silent; she recollected that, while she was gratifying her own vanity in composing her system of education, Adeline was almost banished her presence; and, but for the humble instruction of her grandmother, would, at the age of fifteen, have run a great risk of being both an ignorant and useless being.

“Forgive me, friend Mowbray,” resumed Mrs. Pemberton, aware in some measure of what was passing in Mrs. Mowbray’s mind—“forgive me if I venture to observe, that till of late years, a thick curtain of self-love seems to have been dropped between thy heart and maternal affection. It is now, and now only that thou hast learned to feel like a true and affectionate mother!”

“Perhaps you are right,” replied Mrs. Mowbray mournfully, “still, I always meant well; and hoped that my studies
would

would conduce to the benefit of my child."

"So they might, perhaps, to that of thy second, third, or fourth child, hadst thou been possessed of so many; but, in the mean while, thy first-born must have been fatally neglected. A child's education begins almost from the hour of its birth; and the mother who understands her task, knows that the circumstances which every moment calls forth, are the tools with which she is to work in order to fashion her child's mind and character.—What would you think of the farmer who was to let his fields lie fallow for years, while he was employed in contriving a method of cultivating land to increase his gains ten-fold?"

"But I did not suffer Adeline's mind to lie fallow.—I allowed her to read, and I directed her studies."

"Thou didst so; but what were those studies?"

studies ? and didst thou acquaint thyself with the deductions which her quick mind formed from them ? No—thou didst not, as parents should do, inquire into the impressions made on thy daughter's mind by the books which she perused. Prompt to feel, and hasty to decide, as Adeline was, How necessary was to her the warning voice of judgment and experience !”

“ But how could I imagine that a girl so young should dare to act, whatever her opinions might be, in open defiance of the opinions of the world ?”

“ But she had not lived in the world ; therefore, scarcely knew how repugnant to it her opinions were ; nor, as she did not mix in general society, could she care sufficiently for its good opinion, to be willing to act contrary to her own ideas of right, rather than forfeit it : besides, thou ownest that thou didst openly profess thy admiration of the sentiments which she adopted ;

adopted ; nor, till they were confirmed irrevocably her's, didst thou declare, that to act up to them was, in thy opinion, vicious. And then it was too late : she thought thy timidity, and not thy wisdom, spoke, and she set thee the virtuous example of acting up to the dictates of conscience. But Adeline and thou are both the pupils of affliction and experience ; and I trust that, all your errors repented of, you will meet once more to expiate your past follies by your future conduct."

" I hope so too," meekly replied Mrs. Mowbray, whose pride had been completely subdued by self-upbraidings and distress : " Oh ! when — when will an answer arrive from London ?"

CHAPTER X.

ALAS! day after day elapsed, and no letter came; but while Mrs. Mowbray was almost frantic with disappointment and anxiety, Mrs. Pemberton thought that she observed in miss Woodville's countenance a look of triumphant malice, which ill accorded with the fluent expressions of sympathy and regret with which she gratified her unsuspecting relation, and she determined to watch her very narrowly; for she thought it strange that Adeline, however she might respect her mother's oath, should never, in the bitterness of her sorrows, have unburthened her heart by imparting them to her: one day, when, as usual, the post had been anxiously expected, and, as usual, had brought no letter

ter

ter from London concerning Adeline; and while miss Woodville was talking on indifferent subjects with ill suppressed gaiety, though Mrs. Mowbray, sunk into despondence, was lying on the sofa by her; Mrs. Pemberton suddenly exclaimed—"There is only one right way of proceeding, friend Mowbray,—thou and I must go to London, and make our inquiries in person, and then we shall have a great chance of succeeding." As she said this, she looked stedfastly at miss Woodville, and saw her turn very pale, while her eye was hastily averted from the penetrating glance of Mrs. Pemberton; and when she heard Mrs. Mowbray, in a transport of joy, declare that they had better set off that very evening, unable to conceal her terror and agitation, she hastily left the room.

Mrs. Pemberton instantly followed her
into

into the apartment to which she had retired, and the door of which she had closed with great violence.—She found her walking to and fro, and wringing her hands, as if in agony. On seeing Mrs. Pemberton, she started, and sinking into a chair, she complained of being very ill, and desired to be left alone.

“Thou art ill, and thy illness is of the worst sort, I fear,” replied Mrs. Pemberton; “but I will stay, and be thy physician.”

“*You*, my physician?” replied miss Woodville, with fury in her looks; “*You*?”

“Yes—*I*—I see that thou art afraid lest Adeline should be restored to her paternal roof.

“Who told you so, officious, insolent woman?” returned miss Woodville.

“Thy own looks—but all this is very
natural

natural in thee: thou fearest that Adeline's favour should annihilate thine."

"Perhaps I do;" cried miss Woodville, a little less alarmed, and catching at this plausible excuse for her uneasiness; "for, should I be forced to leave my cousin's house, I shall be reduced to comparative poverty, and solitude again."

"But why shouldest thou be forced to leave it? Art thou not Adeline's friend?"

"Ye—yes," faltered out, miss Woodville.

"But it is uncertain whether we can find Adeline—still we shall be very diligent in our enquiries; yet it is so strange that she should never have written to her mother, if alive, that perhaps—"

"Oh, I dare say she is dead," hastily interrupted miss Woodville.

"Has she been dead long? thinkest thou?"

"No—

“No—not long—not above six months, I dare say.”

“No!—Hast thou any reason then for knowing that she was alive six months ago?” asked Mrs. Pemberton, looking steadily at miss Woodville, as she spoke.

“I?—Lord—no—How should I know?” she replied, her lip quivering, and her whole frame trembling.

“I tell thee how.—Art thou not conscious of having intercepted letters from thy cousin, to her relenting parent?”

Mrs. Pemberton had scarcely uttered these words, when miss Woodville fell back nearly *insensible* in her chair—a proof that the accusation was only too well founded. As soon as she recovered, Mrs. Pemberton said, with great gentleness, “Thou art ill,—ill indeed, but, as I suspected, thy illness is of the mind; there is a load of guilt on it; throw it off then

then by a full confession, and be the sinner that repenteth."

In a few moments miss Woodville, conscious that her emotion had betrayed her, and suspecting that Mrs. Pemberton had by some means or other received hints of her treachery, confessed that she had intercepted and destroyed letters from Adeline to her mother; and also owned, to the great joy of Mrs. Pemberton, that Adeline's last letter, the letter in which she informed Mrs. Mowbray that all the conditions were then fulfilled, without which alone she had sworn never to forgive her, had arrived only two months before; and that it was dated from such a street, and such a number, in London."

"My poor friend will be so happy!" said Mrs. Pemberton; and, her own eyes filling with tears of joy, she hastened to find Mrs. Mowbray.

"But

“ But what will become of *me?*” exclaimed miss Woodville, detaining her—

“ *I am ruined—ruined for ever!*”

“ Not so,” replied Mrs. Pemberton, “ thou art *saved*,—saved, I trust, *for ever*.

—Thou hast confessed thy guilt, and made all the atonement now in thy power. Go to thine own room, and I will soon make known to thee thy relation’s sentiments towards thee.”

So saying, she hastened to Mrs. Mowbray, whom she found giving orders, with eager impatience, to have post horses sent for immediately.

“ Then thou art full of expectation, I conclude, from the event of our journey to town ?” said Mrs. Pemberton smiling.

“ To be sure I am,” replied Mrs. Mowbray.

“ And so am I,” she answered—“ for I think that I know the present abode of thy daughter.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Mowbray started—her friend's countenance expressed more joy and exultation than she had ever seen on it before ; and, almost breathless with new hope, she seized her hand and conjured her to explain herself.

The explanation was soon given ; and Mrs. Mowbray's joy, in consequence of it, unbounded.

“ But what is thy will,” observed Mrs. Pemberton, “ with regard to thy guilty relation ?”

“ I cannot—cannot see her again now, if ever ;—and she must immediately leave my house.”

“ Immediately ?”

“ Yes,—but I will settle on her a handsome allowance ; for my conscience tells me, that, had I behaved like a mother to my child, no one could have been tempted to injure her thus.—I put this unhappy woman into a state of temptation, and

she yielded to it :—but I feel only too sensibly, that no one has been such an enemy to my poor Adeline as I have been ; nor, conscious of my own offences towards her, dare I resent those of another.”

“ I love, I honour thee for what thou hast now uttered,” cried Mrs. Pemberton with unusual animation.—“ I see that thou art now indeed a christian ; such are the breathings of a truly contrite spirit ; and, verily, she who can so easily forgive the crimes of others may hope to have her own forgiven.”

Mrs. Pemberton then hastened to speak hope and comfort to the mind of the penitent offender, while Mrs. Mowbray ran to meet her servant, who, to her surprise, was returning without horses, for none were to be procured ; and Mrs. Mowbray saw herself obliged to delay her journey till noon the next day, when she was assured of having horses from Penrith.

But when, after a long and restless night, she arose in the morning, anticipating with painful impatience the hour of her departure, Mrs. Pemberton entered her room, and informed her that she had passed nearly all the night at miss Woodville's bed-side, who had been seized with a violent delirium at one o'clock in the morning, and in her ravings was continually calling on Mrs. Mowbray, and begging to see her once more.

"I will see her directly," replied Mrs. Mowbray, without a moment's hesitation; and hastened to miss Woodville's apartment, where she found the medical attendant whom Mrs. Pemberton had sent for just arrived. He immediately declared the disorder to be an inflammation on the brain, and left them with little or no hope of her recovery.

Mrs. Mowbray, affected beyond measure at the pathetic appeals for pardon addressed

ressed to her continually by the unconscious sufferer, took her station at the bed-side; and, hanging over her pillow, watched for the slightest gleam of returning reason, in order to speak the pardon so earnestly implored: and while thus piously engaged, the chaise that was to convey her and her friend to London, and perhaps to Adeline, drove up to the gate.

“Art thou ready?” said Mrs. Pember-ton, entering the room equipped for her journey.

At this moment the poor invalid reiterated her cries for pardon, and begged Mrs. Mowbray not to leave her without pronouncing her forgiveness.

Mrs. Mowbray burst into tears; and though sure that she was not even conscious of her presence, she felt herself almost unable to forsake her:—still it was in search of her daughter that she was going—nay, perhaps, it was to her daughter

ter that she was hastening ; and, as this thought occurred to her, she hurried to the door of the chamber, saying she should be ready in a moment.

But the eye of the phrensied sufferer followed her as she did so, and in a tone of unspeakable agony she begged, she entreated that she might not be left to die in solitude and sorrow, however guilty she might have been.—Then again she implored Mrs. Mowbray to speak peace and pardon to her drooping soul ; while, unable to withstand these solicitations, though she knew them to be the unconscious ravings of the disorder, she slowly and mournfully returned to the bedside.

“ It is late,” said Mrs. Pemberton—
 “ we ought ere now to be on the road.”

“ How can I go, and leave this poor creature in such a state ?—But then should

we

we find my poor injured child at the end of the journey ! Such an expectation as that !——”

“Thou must decide quickly,” replied Mrs. Pemberton gently.

“Decide ! Then I will go with you.—Yet still, should Anna recover her senses before her death, and wish to see me, I should never forgive myself for being absent—it might sooth the anguish of her last moments to know how freely I pardon her.—No, no :—after all, if pleasure awaits me, it is only delaying it a few days ; and this, this unhappy girl is on her *death-bed*.—You, you must go *without* me.”

As she said this, Mrs. Pemberton pressed her hand with affectionate eagerness, and murmured out in broken accents, “I honour thy decision, and may I return with comfort to thee !”

“Yet

“ Yet though I wish you to go,” cried Mrs. Mowbray, “ I grieve to expose you to such fatigue and trouble in your weak state of health, and ——”

“ Say no more,” interrupted Mrs. Pemberton, “ I am only doing my duty ; and reflect on my happiness if I am allowed to restore the lost sheep to the fold again !” — So saying she set off on her journey, and arrived in London only four days after Adeline had arrived in Cumberland.

Mrs. Pemberton drove immediately to Adeline’s lodgings, but received the same answer as colonel Mordaunt had received ; namely, that she was gone no one knew whither. Still she did not despair of finding her : she, like the colonel, thought that a mulatto, a lady just recovered from the small-pox, and a child, were likely to be easily traced ; and having written to Mrs. Mowbray, owning her disappointment, but bidding

bidding her not despair, she set off on her journey back, and had succeeded in tracing Adeline as far as an inn on the high North road,—when an event took place which made her further inquiries needless.

CHAPTER XI.

ADELINÉ, after several repeated trials, succeeded in writing the following letter to her mother :

“ Dearest of Mothers,

“ WHEN this letter reaches you, I shall be no more ; and however I may hitherto have offended you, I shall then be able to offend you no longer ; and that child, whom you bound yourself by oath never to see or forgive but on the most cruel of conditions while living, dead you may perhaps deign to receive to your pardon and your love.—Nay, my heart tells me that you will do more,—that you will transfer the love which you once felt for me, to my poor helpless orphan ; and in
full

full confidence that you will be thus indulgent, I bequeath her to you with my dying breath.—O! look on her, my mother, nor shrink from her with disgust, although you see in her my features; but rather rejoice in the resemblance, and fancy that I am restored to you pure, happy, and beloved as I once was.—Yes, yes,—it will be so: I have known a great deal of sorrow—let me then indulge the little ray of pleasure that breaks in upon me when I think that you will not resist my dying prayer, but bestow on my child the long arrears of tenderness due to me.

“ Yes, yes, you will receive, you will be kind to her; and by so doing you will make me ample amends for all the sorrow which your harshness caused me when we met last.—That was a dreadful day! How you frowned on me! I did not think you could have frowned so dreadfully—but then I was uninjured by affliction, unaltered

tered by illness. Were you to see me now, you would not have the heart to frown on me: and yet my letters, being repeatedly returned, and even the last unnoticed and unanswered, though it told you that even on your own conditions I could now claim your pardon, for that I had been “wretched in love,” and had experienced “the anguish of being forsaken, despised, and disgraced in the eye of the world,” proves but too surely that the bitterness of resentment is not yet past!—But on my *death-bed* you promised to see and forgive me—and *I am there, my mother!* Yet will I not claim that promise;—I will not weaken, by directing it towards myself, the burst of sorrow, of too late regret, of self-upbraidings, and long-restrained affection, which must be directed towards my child when I am not alive to profit by it. No:—though I would give worlds to
 embrace

embrace you once more, for the sake of my child I resign the gratification.

“ Oh, mother! you little think that I saw you, only a few days ago, from the stile by the cottage which overlooks your house: you were walking with a lady, and my child was with me (my Editha, for I have called her after you). You seemed, methought, even cheerful, and I was so selfish that I felt shocked to think I was so entirely forgotten by you; for I was sure that if you thought of me you could not be cheerful. But your companion left you; and then you looked so very sad, that I was wretched from the idea that you were then thinking too much of me, and I wished you to resume your cheerfulness again.

“ *I was not cheerful; and Editha by her artless prattle wounded me to the very soul.—She wished, she said, to live in*
that

that sweet house, and asked why she should not live there? *I could* have told her why, but dared not do it; but I assured her, and do not for mercy's sake prove that assurance false! that she *should* live there *one day*.

“But when—when?” she asked.

“When I am in my grave,” replied I: and, poor innocent! throwing herself into my arms with playful fondness, she begged me to go to my grave directly. I feel but too sensibly that her desire will soon be accomplished.

“But must I die unblest by you? True, I am watched by the kindest of human beings! but then she is not my mother—that mother, who, with the joys of my childhood and my home, is so continually recurring to my memory. Oh! I forget all your unkindness, my mother, and remember only your affection. How I should like to feel your hand supporting
my

my head, and see you perform the little offices which sickness requires.—And must I never, never see you more? Yes! you will come, I am sure you will, but come, come quickly, or I shall die without your blessing.

“I have had a fainting fit—but I am recovered, and can address you again.—Oh! teach my Editha to be humble, teach her to be slow to call the experience of ages contemptible prejudices; teach her no opinions that can destroy her sympathies with general society, and make her an alien to the hearts of those amongst whom she lives.

“Be above all things careful that she wanders not in the night of scepticism. But for the support of religion, what, amidst my various sorrows, what would have become of *me*?

“There is something more that I would say. Should my existence be prolonged
even

even but a few days, I shall have to struggle with poverty as well as sickness; and the anxious friend (I will not call her servant) who is now my all of earthly comfort, will scarcely have money sufficient to pay me the last sad duties; and I owe her, my mother, a world of obligation! She will make my last moments easy, and *you* must reward her. From her you will receive this letter when I am no more, and to your care and protection I bequeath her. She is—my eyes grow dim, and I must leave off for the present.”

On the very evening in which Adeline had written this address to her mother, Mrs. Mowbray had received Mrs. Pemberton's letter; and as miss Woodville had been interred that morning, she felt herself at liberty to join Mrs. Pemberton in her search after Adeline, while various plans for this purpose presented themselves to her mind, and each of them was dismissed

dismissed in its turn as fruitless or impracticable. Full of these thoughts she pensively walked along the lawn before her door, till sad and weary she leaned on a little gate at the bottom of it ; which, as she did so, swung slowly backwards and forwards, responsive as it were to her feelings.

But, as she continued to muse, and to recall the varied sorrows of her past life, the gate on which she leaned began to vibrate more quickly ; till, unable to bear the recollections which assailed her, she was hastening with almost frantic speed towards the house, when she saw a cottager approaching, to whose sick daughter and helpless family she had long been a bountiful benefactress.

“ What is the matter, John ? ” cried Mrs. Mowbray, hastening forward to meet him—“ you seem agitated.”

“ My poor daughter, madam ! ” replied the man, bursting into tears.

At

At the sight of his distress, his *parental* distress, Mrs. Mowbray sighed deeply, and asked if Lucy was worse.

“ I doubt she is dying,” said the afflicted father.

“ God forbid !” exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray, throwing her shawl over her shoulders ; “ I will go and see her myself.”

“ What, really ?—But the way is so long, and the road so miry !”

“ No matter—I must do my duty.”

“ God bless you, and reward you !” cried the grateful father—“ that is so like you ! Lucy said you would come !”

Mrs. Mowbray then filled a basket with medicine and refreshments, and set out on her charitable visit.

She found the poor girl in a very weak and alarming state ; but the sight of her benefactress, and the tender manner in which she supported her languid head, and administered wine and other cordials

to her, insensibly revived her; and while writhing under the feelings of an unhappy parent herself, Mrs. Mowbray was soothed by the blessings of the parent whom she comforted.

At this moment they were alarmed by a shriek from a neighbouring cottage, and a woman who was attending on the sick girl ran out to inquire into the cause of it.

She returned, saying that a poor sick young gentlewoman, who lodged at the next house, was fallen back in a fit, and they thought she was dead.

“A young gentlewoman,” exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray, “at the next cottage!” rising up.

“Aye sure,” cried the woman, “she looks like a lady for certain, and she has the finest child I ever saw.”

“Perhaps she is not dead,” said Mrs. Mowbray:—“let us go see.”

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE did Mrs. Mowbray think that it was her own child whom she was hastening to relieve ; and that, while meditating a kind action, recompense was so near.

Adeline, while trying to finish her letter to her mother, had scarcely traced a few illegible lines, when she fell back insensible on her pillow ; and at the moment of Mrs. Mowbray's entering the cottage, Savanna, who had uttered the shriek which had excited her curiosity, had convinced herself that she was gone for ever.

The woman who accompanied Mrs. Mowbray entered the house first ; and opening a back chamber, low-roofed, narrow, and lighted only by one solitary and slender candle, Mrs. Mow-

bray beheld through the door the lifeless form of the object of her solicitude, which Savanna was contemplating with loud and frantic sorrow.

“Here is a lady come to see what she can do for your mistress,” cried the woman, while Savanna turned hastily round:—“Here she is—here is good madam Mowbray.”

“Madam Mowbray!” shrieked Savanna, fixing her dark eyes fiercely on Mrs. Mowbray, and raising her arm in a threatening manner as she approached her: then snatching up the letter which lay on the bed,—“Woman!” she exclaimed, grasping Mrs. Mowbray’s arm with frightful earnestness, “read dat—’tis for you!”

Mrs. Mowbray, speechless with alarm and awe, involuntarily seized the letter—but scarcely had she read the first words, when uttering a deep groan she sprung forward,

forward, to clasp the unconscious form before her, and fell beside it equally insensible.

But she recovered almost immediately to a sense of her misery; and while, in speechless agony, she knelt by the bedside, Savanna, beholding her distress, with a sort of dreadful pleasure exclaimed, “Ah! have you at last learn to feel?”

“But is she, is she *indeed* gone?” cried Mrs. Mowbray, “is there *no* hope?” and instantly seizing the cordial which she had brought with her, assisted by the woman, she endeavoured to force it down the throat of Adeline.

Their endeavours were for some time vain : at length, however, she exhibited signs of life, and in a few minutes more she opened her sunk eye, and gazed unconsciously around her.

“My God ! I thank you !” exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray, falling on her knees ;
while

while Savanna, laying her mistress's head on her bosom, sobbed with fearful joy.

“ Adeline ! my child, my dear, dear child ! ” cried Mrs. Mowbray, seizing her clammy hand.

That voice, those words which she had so long wished to hear, though hopeless of ever hearing them again, seemed to recall the fast fading recollection of Adeline ; she raised her head from Savanna's bosom, and, looking earnestly at Mrs. Mowbray, faintly smiled, and endeavoured to throw herself into her arms,—but fell back again exhausted on the pillow.

But in a few minutes she recovered so far as to be able to speak ; and while she hung round her mother's neck, and gazed upon her with eager and delighted earnestness, she desired Savanna to bring Editha to her immediately.

“ Will you, will you—,” said Adeline, vainly trying to speak her wishes, as
Savanna

Savanna put the sleeping girl in Mrs. Mowbray's arms: but she easily divined them; and, clasping her to her heart, wept over her convulsively—"She shall be dear to me as my own soul!" said Mrs. Mowbray.

"Then I die contented," replied Adeline.

"Die!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray hastily: "no, you must not, shall not die; you must live to see me atone for—"

"It is in vain," said Adeline faintly. "I bless God that he allows me to enjoy this consolation—say that you forgive me."

"Forgive you! Oh, Adeline! for years have I forgiven and pined after you: but a wicked woman intercepted all your letters; and I thought you were dead, or had renounced me for ever."

"Indeed!" cried Adeline. "Oh! had I suspected that!"—"Nay more, Mrs. Pemberton

berton is now in London, in search of you, in order to bring you back to happiness!" As Mrs. Mowbray said this, Savanna, drawing near, took her hand and gently pressed it.

Adeline observed the action, and seeing by it that Savanna's heart relented towards her mother, said, "I owe that faithful creature more than I can express; but to your care I bequeath her."

"I will love her as my child," said Mrs. Mowbray, "and behave to her better than I did to—"

"Hush!" cried Adeline, putting her hand to Mrs. Mowbray's lips.

"But you *shall* live! I will send for Dr. Norberry; you shall be moved to my house, and all will be well—all our past grief be forgotten," returned Mrs. Mowbray with almost convulsive eagerness.

Adeline faintly smiled, but repeated that every hope of that kind was over, but
that

that her utmost wish was gratified in seeing her mother, and receiving her full forgiveness.

“ But you must live for my sake !” cried Mrs. Mowbray : “ and for mine,” sobbed out Savanna.

“ Could you not be moved to my house ?” said Mrs. Mowbray. “ There every indulgence and attention that money can procure shall be yours. Is this a place,—is this poverty—this—” here her voice failed her, and she burst into tears.

“ Mother, dearest mother,” replied Adeline, “ I see you, I am assured of your love again, and I have not a want beside. Still, I could like, I could wish, to be once more under a *parent’s roof*.”

In a moment, the cottager who was present, and returning with usury to Mrs. Mowbray’s daughter the anxious interest which she had taken in his, proposed various means of transporting Ade-
line

line to the lawn ; a difficult and a hazardous undertaking ; but the poor invalid was willing to risk the danger and the fatigue ; and her mother could not but indulge her. At length the cottager, as it was for the *general benefactress*, having with care procured even more assistance than was necessary, Adeline was conveyed on a sort of a litter, along the valley, and found herself once more in the house of her mother ; while Savanna, sharing in the joy which Adeline's countenance expressed, threw herself on Mrs. Mowbray's neck, and exclaimed, " Now I forgive you ! "

" Mother, dear mother," cried Adeline, after having for some minutes vainly endeavoured to speak—" I am so happy ! no more an outcast, but under my mother's roof !—Nay, I even think I *can* live now, added she with a faint smile.

Had Adeline risen from her bed in
complete

complete health and vigour, she would scarcely have excited more joy in her mother, and in Savanna, than she did by this expression.

“Can live!” cried Mrs. Mowbray, “O! you shall, you must live.”—And an express was sent off immediately to Dr. Norberry too, who was removed to Kendal, to be near his elder daughter, lately married in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Norberry arrived in a few hours. Mrs. Mowbray ran out to meet him; but a welcome died on her tongue, and she could only speak by her tears.

“There, there, my good woman, don’t be foolish,” replied he: “it is cursed silly to blubber, you know: besides, it can do no good,”—giving her a kiss, while tears trickled down his rough cheek.—“So, the lost sheep is found?”

“But, O! she will be lost again,”
faltered

faltered Mrs. Mowbray; “ I doubt nothing can save her !”

“ No !” cried the old man, with a gulp, “ no ! not my coming so many miles on purpose ?—Well, but where is she ?”

“ She will see you presently, but begged to be excused for a few minutes.”—“ You see,” said he, “ by my dress, what has happened,” gulping as he spoke. “ I have lost the companion of thirty years !—and—and—” here he paused, and after an effort went on to say, that his wife in her last illness had owned that she had suppressed Adeline’s letters, and had declared the reason of it—“ But, poor soul !” continued the doctor, “ it was the only sin against me, I believe, or any one else, that she ever committed—so I forgave her; and I trust that God will.”

Soon after they were summoned to the sick room, and Dr. Norberry beheld with
a degree

a degree of fearful emotion, which he vainly endeavoured to hide under a cloak of pleasantry, the dreadful ravages which sorrow and sickness had made in the face and form of Adeline,

“So, here you are at last!” cried he, trying to smile while he sobbed audibly, “and a pretty figure you make, don’t you?—But we have you again, and we will not part with you soon, I can tell you, (almost, starting as the faint but rapid pulse met his fingers,) that is, I mean,” added he, “unless it please God.”—Mrs. Mowbray and Savanna, during this speech, gazed on his countenance in breathless anxiety, and read in it a confirmation of their fears.—“But who’s afraid?” cried the doctor, forcing a laugh, while his tone and his looks expressed the extreme of apprehension, and his laugh ended in a sob.

Mrs. Mowbray turned away in a sort
of

of desperate silence ; but the mulatto still kept her penetrating eye fixed upon him, and with a look so full of woe !

“ I’ll trouble you, mistress, to take those formidable eyes of yours off my face,” cried the doctor, pettishly ; “ for, by the Lord, I can’t stand their inquiry !—But who the devil are you ?”

“ She is my nurse, my consoler, and my friend,” said Adeline.

“ Then she is mine of course,” cried the doctor, “ though she has a devilish terrible stare with her eyes :—but give me your hand, mistress. What is your name ?”

“ Me be name Savanna,” replied the mulatto ; “ and me die and live wid my dear mistress,” she added, bursting into tears.

“ Zounds !” cried the doctor, “ I can’t bear this—here I came as a physician, and these blubberers melt me down into an old woman.—Adeline, I must order
all

all these people out of the room, and have you to myself, or I can do nothing."

He was obeyed; and on inquiring into all Adeline's symptoms, he found little to hope and every thing to fear—"But your mind is relieved, and you have youth on your side; and who knows what good air, good food, and good nurses may do for you!"

"Not to mention a good physician," added Adeline, smiling, "and a good friend in that physician."

"This it be to have money," said Savanna, as she saw the various things prepared and made to tempt Adeline's weak appetite:—"poor Savanna mean as well—her heart make all these, but her hand want power."

During this state of alarming suspense Mrs. Pemberton was hourly expected, as she had written word that she had traced Adeline into Lancashire, and suspected that

that she was in her mother's neighbourhood.—It may be supposed that Mrs. Mowbray, Adeline, and Savanna, looked forward to her arrival with eager impatience ; but not so Dr. Norberry—he said that no doubt she was a very good sort of woman, but that he did not like pretensions to righteousness over much, and had a particular aversion to a piece of formal drab-coloured morality.

Adeline only laughed at these prejudices, without attempting to confute them ; for she knew that Mrs. Pemberton's appearance and manners would soon annihilate them. At length she reached the lawn ; and Savanna, who saw her alight, announced her arrival to her mistress, and was commissioned by her to introduce her immediately into the sick chamber.—She did so ; but Mrs. Pemberton, almost overpowered with joy at the intelligence which awaited her, and ill fortified

tified by Savanna's violent and mixed emotions against the indulgence of her own, begged to compose herself a few moments before she met Adeline : but Savanna was not to be denied ; and seizing her hand she led her up to the bedside of the invalid.—Adeline smiled affectionately when she saw her ; but Mrs. Pemberton started back, and, scarcely staying to take the hand which she offered her, rushed out of the room, to vent in solitude the burst of uncontrollable anguish which the sight of her altered countenance occasioned her.—Alas ! her eye had been but too well tutored to read the characters of death in the face, and it was some time before she recovered herself sufficiently to appear before the anxious watchers by the bed of Adeline with that composure which on principle she always endeavoured to display.—At length, however, she re-entered the room, and, ap-

proaching the poor invalid, kissed in silence her wan yet flushed cheek.

“I am very different now, my kind friend, to what I was when you *first* saw me,” said Adeline, faintly smiling.

To the moment when they *last* met, Adeline had not resolution enough to revert, for then she was mourning by the dead body of Glenmurray:

Mrs. Pemberton was silent for a moment ; but, making an effort, she replied, “Thou art now more like what thou wert *in mind*, when I *first* saw thee at Rosevalley, than when I first met thee at Richmond. At Rosevalley I beheld thee innocent, at Richmond guilty, and here I see thee penitent, and, I hope, resigned to thy fate.”—She spoke the word *resigned* with emphasis, and Adeline *understood* her.

“I am indeed resigned,” replied Adeline in a low voice : “nay, I feel that I am much favoured in being spared so long.

But

But there is one thing that weighs heavily on my mind ; Mary Warner is leading a life of shame, and she told me when I last saw her, that she was corrupted by my precept and example : if so—”

“ Set thy conscience at rest on that subject,” interrupted Mrs. Pemberton : “ while she lived with me, I discovered, long before she ever saw thee, that she had been known to have been faulty.”

“ Oh ! what a load have you removed from my mind !” replied Adeline. “ Still it would be more relieved, if you would promise to find her out ; and she may be heard of at Mr. Langley’s chambers in the Temple. Offer her a yearly allowance for life, provided she will quit her present vicious habits ; I am sure my mother will gladly fulfil my wishes in this respect.

“ And so will I,” replied Mrs. Pemberton. “ Is there any thing else that I can do for thee ?”

“ Yes : I have two pensioners at Richmond,—a poor young woman, and her orphan boy,—an illegitimate child,” she added, deeply sighing, as she recollected what had interested her in their fate. “ I bequeath them to your care ; Savanna knows where they are to be found. And now, all that disturbs my thoughts at this awful moment is, the grief which my poor mother and Savanna will feel ;—nay, they will be quite unprepared for it ; for they persist to hope still, and I believe that even Dr. Norberry allows his wishes to deceive his judgment.”

“ They will suffer, indeed !” cried Mrs. Pemberton : “ but I give thee my word, that I will never leave thy mother, and that Savanna shall be our joint care.”

“ It is enough—I shall now die in peace,” said Adeline ; and Mrs. Pemberton turned away to meet Mrs. Mowbray, who with Dr. Norberry at that moment

moment entered the room. Mrs. Mowbray met her, and welcomed her audibly and joyfully : but Mrs. Pemberton, aware of the blow which impended over her, vainly endeavoured to utter a congratulation ; but throwing herself into Mrs. Mowbray's extended arms, she forgot her usual self-command, and sobbed loudly on her bosom.

Dr. Norberry gazed at the benevolent quaker with astonishment. True, she was "*drab-coloured* ;" but where was the repulsive formality that he had expected ? " Zounds !" thought he, " this woman can feel like other women, and is as good a hand at a crying-bout as myself." But Mrs. Pemberton did not long give way to so violent an indulgence of her feelings ; and gently withdrawing herself from Mrs. Mowbray's embrace, she turned to the window, while Mrs. Mowbray hastened to the bedside of Adeline.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pemberton then turned round again, and, seizing Dr. Norberry's hand, which she fervently pressed, said in a faltering voice, "Would thou couldst *save* her!" "And—and *can't* I? *can't* I?" replied he, gulping. Mrs. Pemberton looked at him with an expression which he could neither mistake nor endure; but muttering in a low tone, "No! dear, sweet soul! I doubt I can't, I doubt I can't, by the Lord!" he rushed out of the room.

From that moment he never was easy but when he could converse with Mrs. Pemberton; for he knew that she, and she only, sympathized in his feelings, as she only knew that Adeline was not likely to recover. The invalid herself observed his attention to her friend, nor could she forbear to rally him on the total disappearance of his prejudices against the fair quaker; for, such was the influence of Mrs. Pemberton's dignified yet winning manners,

manners, and such was the respect with which she inspired him, that, if he had his hat on, he always took it off when she entered the room, and never uttered any thing like an oath, without humbly begging her pardon; and he told Adeline, that were all quakers like Mrs. Pemberton, he should be tempted to cry, "Drab is your only wear."

Another, and another day elapsed, and Adeline still lived.—On the evening of the third day, as she lay half-slumbering with her head on Savanna's arm, and Mrs. Mowbray, lulling Editha to sleep on her lap, was watching beside her, glancing her eye alternately with satisfied and silent affection from the child to the mother, whom she thought in a fair way of recovery; while Dr. Norberry, stifling an occasional sob, was contemplating the group, and Mrs. Pemberton, her hands clasped in each other, seemed lost in devout contemplation, Ade-

line awoke, and as she gazed on Editha, who was fondly held to Mrs. Mowbray's bosom, a smile illumined her sunk countenance. Mrs. Mowbray at that moment eagerly and anxiously pressed forward to catch her weak accents, and inquire how she felt. "I have seen that fond and anxious look before," she faintly articulated, "but in happier times! and it assures me that you love me still."

"Love you still!" replied Mrs. Mowbray with passionate fondness:—"never, never were you so dear to me as now!"

Adeline tried to express the joy which flushed her cheek at these words, and lighted up her closing eyes: but she tried in vain. At length she grasped Mrs. Mowbray's hand to her lips, and in imperfect accents exclaiming "I thank thee, gracious Heaven!" she laid her head on Savanna's bosom, and expired.

THE END.

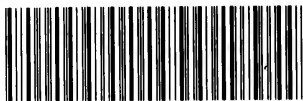






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